



# *Talking of Gandhiji*

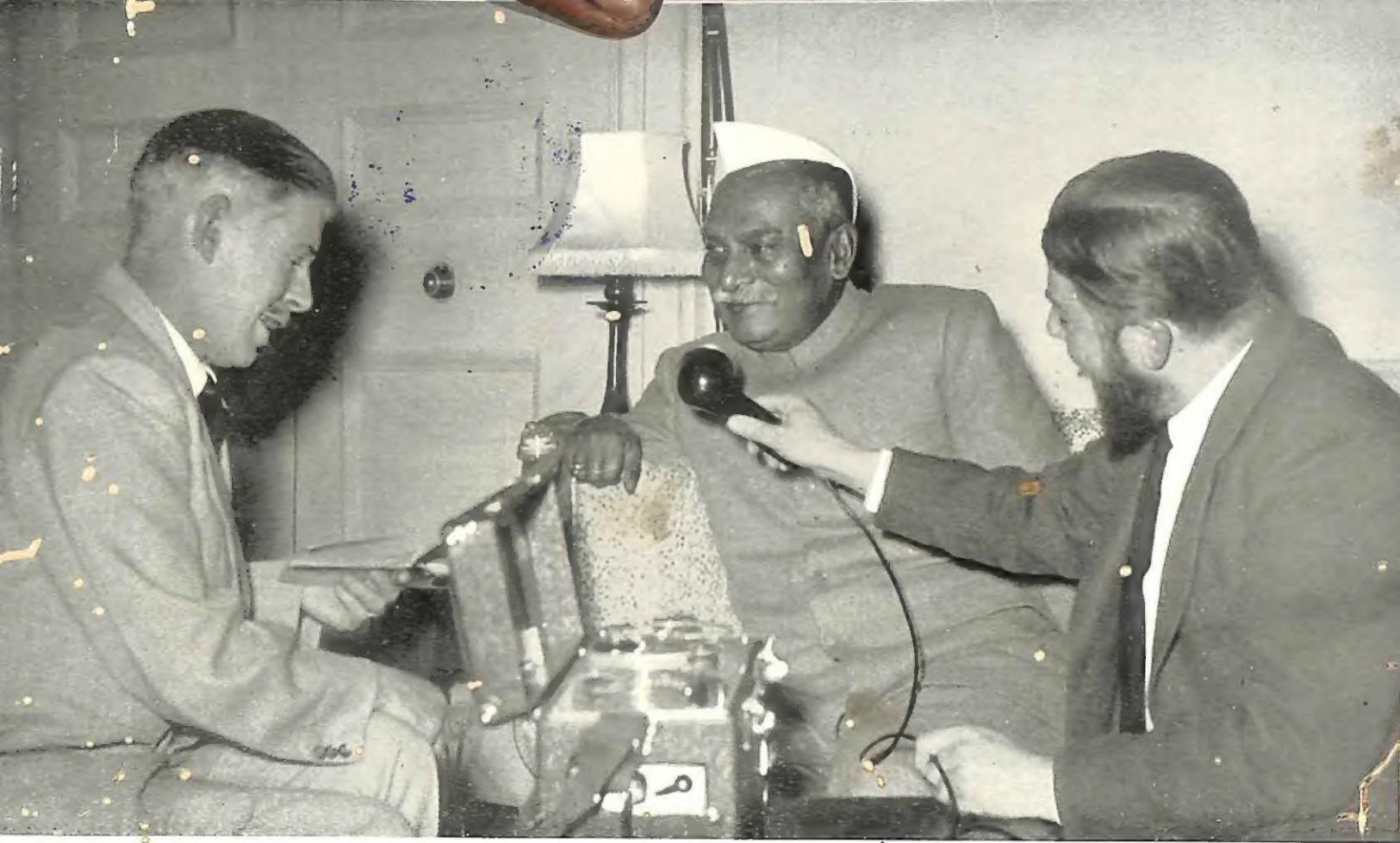
FRANCIS WATSON

MAURICE BROWN

ORIENT LONGMANS

# *Talking of Gandhiji*





RECORDING THE PRESIDENT

# TALKING OF GANDHIJI

Four programmes for Radio  
first broadcast by the  
British Broadcasting Corporation

*Script and Narration by Francis Watson*  
*Production by Maurice Brown*



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*Cover Design by Ramkrishna Basu.*



## INTRODUCTION

THESE four scripts, first broadcast in the BBC Third Programme in the latter months of 1956, represent what is certainly the largest project ever devoted by the BBC to the presentation of one man. I began preliminary work on the subject in 1952. At intervals over the next two years various recordings were made in England. During the first three months of 1955 the BBC producer Maurice Brown and I were in India, travelling, interviewing and recording. In South Africa another member of the BBC staff visited Mahatma Gandhi. The material from which the scripts were finally prepared represented, I am given to understand, more than fifteen miles of recording-tape. Gandhiji himself might well have thought this wasteful for the purpose of five or six hours of broadcasting to which people might or might not listen. I believe that if broadcasting is worth while at all then this was abundantly worth while.

Millions of words have been written about Gandhi, and millions more will yet be written. But the spoken word, not the word of rhetoric but the informal word of those who knew him, may reach nearer to the heart of the matter than all the books that come out year by year. That was the reason for the broadcasting project, and the reason for bringing the scripts together for the eye after they have survived the test of the ear is the hope that this may be, not just another book on Gandhi, but a living testimony of a new and different kind.

The radio-documentary has its special possibilities, but it also has its necessary limitations. There is the limitation of time, and when the subject is of such a nature, and of such a stature, the curb seems a severe one. The Third Programme of the BBC offers the advantage that it can put out for a relatively small but serious audience productions that are too long for 'popular' listening (it has the disadvantage, however, that it cannot easily be heard outside the United Kingdom). Even so, the scale of these four documentaries—the shortest of seventy minutes and the longest of a hundred and five

minutes—is unusual for the BBC schedule. And even so, the cutting of good material so as to remain within some sort of time-limit was a difficult, even a painful task.

We had also to bear in mind, from the outset, that we were concerned to reach a British listening public. In the first place that precluded the recording of evidence in any language but English, and an English which would fall with reasonable ease upon the listener's ear and understanding as it emerged from a radio-set under conditions that might not always be perfect. The whole operation hinged, of course, on the fact that so many people in India whom we wanted to interview would record for us in English ; but we had at the same time to accept the exclusion of peasant India ; and for a portrait of the Mahatma that exclusion might seem crippling if it were not that Gandhi's work of integration did seem to make it possible for the masses to be glimpsed through those who worked with and for them. The alternative of using an interpreter in presenting impressions in Hindi or Gujarati or Bengali or any other language would have nibbled away at precious radio-time and interrupted the essential flow of the programmes.

Similarly we wanted to avoid, in the broadcasting scripts, anything that called for the undue intrusion of the narrator in explanation or introduction. The listener does need to know who is talking. On the stage he can see, and in a book his eye can travel back at any point, which his ear cannot do. The different speakers in the broadcast have to be identified, and there will be gaps of time and place which a narrating voice must bridge. But the fewer 'footnotes' that are required the better. We assumed a certain level of educated knowledge in anyone sufficiently interested to listen. We assumed that words like *ashram* or *satyagraha* could be used without breaking in with explanations. But we could not assume a detailed knowledge of the complex political background, an immediate and correct response to phrases such as 'Gwyer Award', 'Forward Bloc', 'Provincial Autonomy' or even 'Congress Working Committee'. This was one reason—a general need for imprecision—why we did not attempt to develop the political story of the life of Gandhi within its broad and well-known outlines.

Another reason for the treatment adopted was that we had no wish, in programmes such as these, to give the time to the revival of past misunderstandings and dead animosities, which can be thoroughly explored in books. The atmosphere of conflict, the whirlpool of which Gandhi was the still centre, had to be suggested. We wanted also the vitality of differing opinions, to give light and shade to our human portrait: and this, in the reverence of retrospect, was not easy to capture. But we did not want either a political debate, or a rambling discussion of controversial elements in Gandhiji's philosophical outlook, or—at the other extreme—one more anthology of tributes.

We wanted to build up a 'speaking likeness.' That is why the first and longest programme in the series is called *A Portrait*. It is not biographical in form. It aims only to bring the subject to life, through personal memories, in its many-sidedness and its underlying unity. It begins and ends with Gandhiji's own voice in brief extracts from past recordings, but its course is meandering and discursive, with one remark leading to another. Only when this had been completed—incomplete as any such study must be in this medium—did we try to turn to account some of the remaining material in a rather more narrative form. We were still not attempting a biography, but selecting episodes which we thought would be of the greatest interest for English listeners. We were also dependent, naturally, upon the range of reminiscence among those we talked to—a fixed principle being that only direct personal experience, and opinions based on it, were of value, not what had been picked up from books or from other people. This meant, among other things, that there would be relatively few voices to speak of Gandhiji's earlier years and of the formative experiences of his South African period.

Radio has its own way with truth. The microphone has an uncanny power of detecting self-consciousness and artifice, and the good broadcaster is very often simply a genuine and unaffected person talking about what is real to him. Most of the people whose voices we recorded proved to be good broadcasters, even when it was not in their mother-tongue, and a few were superb. Sometimes, of course, the most telling

pieces were delivered in conversation when the recording-machine was not in operation—and one thing which must *never* be done is to deceive a speaker by leaving him unaware that he is being recorded. Sometimes, again, a great deal of tape ran out before a speaker really became himself and really warmed to his subject. But that moment was unmistakeable, and worth waiting and working for.

Of the months spent afterwards in selecting, cutting, and building up the programmes one thing needs to be said. Recording-tape is a wonderful invention, and like other inventions it must be handled with restraint and integrity. You can do anything with it, reverse the words in a man's mouth, distort his meaning, mangle the context, change the voice to a caricature. The only safe rule for handling anything so dangerous is absolute honesty. And beyond this strict respect for the words that had been entrusted to us, we further decided from the beginning that none of the artificial devices of radio-technique should have a place in documentaries of this kind—no introduction of music to create a 'mood', no actors or studio 'voices', no scripted interviews, no faked 'effects'. At one point, the opening of *The Last Phase*, where it was desired to start off from the moment of Independence in August 1947, the crowd noises briefly introduced were recorded in New Delhi on that very occasion, as were also Mr. Nehru's words, the blowing of conch-shells and other welcoming sounds inside the Constituent Assembly.

Except for a few very slight alterations, what follow are the scripts as actually broadcast. These alterations are, in two cases, the deletion of a short interpolation by a contributor who was unwilling for his words to be printed, and in others the removal from the narrator's linking passages of slightly repetitive introductory words. Certain other repetitions that may be noticed by the reader have been retained. There are not many of them, and they were appropriate to a series broadcast at intervals of about a month in which an occasional 'echo' helped to establish continuity. In two cases a speaker for personal reasons wished to remain anonymous and the wish has naturally been respected.

## THE TECHNIQUES

IT WAS in 1949 that W. R. Rodgers suggested broadcasting a portrait of his great fellow Irish poet, W. B. Yeats. I was given the task of producer and together Rodgers and myself devised and broadcast on the B.B.C.'s Third wave-length a programme which at the time was said to be revolutionary.

We started by recording memories and opinions, praise and criticism, accounts of seemingly trivial incidents or of important points in the poet's life. These were recorded by friends and enemies, childhood companions and relations of the poet. 'The revolution in radio technique was the way these records were made and used.'

Firstly, we wanted natural talk, not the somewhat artificial speech resulting from reading a script. Secondly, we linked the parts of the recordings used, not only with the narrator in the studio, but with each other. In fact, the whole broadcast became a conversation-piece.

Since that time I have been connected with many programmes of this kind which have been broadcast by the B.B.C. and it is these techniques, developed by experience and somewhat simplified by the replacement of disc-recording by magnetic tape, which Francis Watson and myself employed in the making of the Gandhi programmes.

We started working on these in September 1954 and two years and a day later the first programme was broadcast.

Please do not think that those two years were spent entirely on these programmes. Francis Watson is a free-lance writer and I am a B.B.C. writer-producer, but there is no question that what became known among our colleagues as the 'Gandhi Project' was uppermost in our minds. We started in London recording some of those we knew could contribute. We used recording cars with tape gear and we used B.B.C. studios. There, at least, we knew that the acoustics would be as near perfect as possible and there we had no trouble about the technical side of recording; that was done for us.

In January 1955 we both arrived in India. For three

months I was the recording engineer—with little electronic knowledge—using a portable tape-recorder.

Two things were important as far as the recording was concerned, firstly, that the machinery worked—for three months away from real servicing is a strain on any machine—and secondly, if it did work, that the general standard of recording was really good. This meant reasonable acoustics, and a low level of background.

Let us take these two points; firstly, reasonable acoustics. When using a small portable recorder one usually works in the speaker's home or office. It is obvious that a large high room with little furniture, thin carpet and hard walls will have a good deal of echo; that a small, carpeted and softly furnished room produces a fairly dead sound when someone speaks in it. Then, remember that recordings made in these acoustics and those between these two extremes were ultimately to be married in the programme; to be linked to make natural conversation.

To try and achieve a happy mean in the acoustics of the recordings, you do what you can with drawn curtains, blankets off beds, a cushion behind the microphone, a soft sounding side of a room, another room, sometimes even another house. By damping down or enlivening you attempt to get much the same acoustics for all recordings.

The other difficulty is to record as low a level of background as possible. This especially applies to a hot country such as India. The windows are open and in comes the sound of the ever-blown motor-horns of the city, the caws of the greedy crows, the twitter of the inquisitive sparrows or the clamour of the patients in a doctor's waiting-room; the crowd outside a Minister's office. In the country the plonk-plonk-plonk of the grinding engines, the even more friendly visits of the birds, the rattle of the wagons and the squeaky howl of the oxen-pulled ropes at the wells, intrude through those open windows to the sensitive pick-up of the microphone. I well remember the heat in Dr. Gilder's consulting room after switching off the fan, which hummed, and shutting the window to keep out the uproar of his Bombay street; the unavoidable chorus of jackals that backs the last five minutes of the President of India's recording; the crows, kites and

children that disturbed the peace of Maurice Frydman's room; the friendly sparrow that would not stop noisily tweeting on the window-sill of Dr. Jayakar's library at Poona as he spoke for us; the chimes of New Delhi's Town Hall clock that break into Pyarelal Nayar's recorded memories; the way Mrs. J. P. Patel and I waved off the crows from the balcony as Francis Watson recorded her husband in the room beyond, and in Kashmir the cat on Mira Behn's knee that purred so loudly that we had to wait until it went to sleep.

We were, perhaps, more lucky than skilful in our results but in general we did obtain fairly unobtrusive background to our speakers. It is, I think, obvious why one wants this. While acoustically an echoing voice cut to a dead one only lessens the illusion of two people conversing in the same place, a background of traffic and motor-hooters suddenly cut into one of distant birds, utterly destroys it. Develop this further to a mixture of a narrator, with silence behind him, and four or five other speakers recorded with different and heavy background noises and the total effect becomes absurd.

So it was that we bothered our contributors about where they sat and frequently disturbed their room as we recorded their memories and opinions of the Mahatma.

Francis Watson has written in his introduction of what we wanted from our speakers. It was he who asked most of the questions—from time to time I put one of my own—and he learned the technique of the unheard interviewer; to put the query in such a way that when the answer comes it *includes* the question. He learned, too, to avoid as far as possible, asking for the information or story you really want before you are actually recording. The first time something is told is usually the best telling; the second attempt normally loses some of the spontaneity and very frequently seemingly unnecessary detail disappears. Such detail, insignificant in its immediate context, when juxtaposed to other small facts often helps to paint a more penetrating likeness of the subject of a radio portrait.

Apart from knowledge of the subject there are two other attributes which are required for this kind of work, memory and concentration.

You develop a curious long-range memory when you have

done a considerable amount of this work. 'A' may be talking and quite suddenly you remember a sentence of 'B's, that he recorded a year before, which links closely and naturally with what 'A' is now saying. You sense disagreement, perhaps, and pose your question. 'No', says 'A', 'I do not agree—' and you know that in your broadcast 'A' can now directly state his point of view to 'B' without the intervening voice of the narrator. With a good and specialised memory of what you have already recorded, much of this vocal inter-play can be included in your final script.

Concentration is generally a matter of correction. It is easy to miss a mistake, a wrong place-name, an inaccurate date, a simple slip, but it is impossible to correct those errors, in the speaker's voice, if you first notice them in London and he is in Bangalore or Assam.

I give one example. A London Cockney was telling how Gandhi would give him autographs for the children and—at the same time continue with his portable *weaving* machine'. 'Spinning', suggested Francis Watson. 'Yes, *spinning* machine,' repeated Mr. Docker. Four simple snips and two joins in the recording tape when editing later and *spinning* replaced *weaving*; the slip no longer existed. But, without that quick correction at the time, the whole passage would have been pointless.

We returned to London from India at the end of March 1955 with our tapes. There were seventy-eight of them and they contained over nineteen hours of speech about Gandhi.

We continued recording in England until, in July 1956, the last speaker was put on tape. The statistics of our work are these: Hours recorded, twenty-seven; length of tape, over fifteen and a half miles; words recorded, some one hundred and ninety-five thousand. These words were, with patience and labour, transcribed from tape to the typewritten page by several notable women and at last we knew exactly what we had so far achieved. The very sight of the mass of material was formidable.

It was Francis Watson's task to convert this vast miscellany into four scripts with a logical and progressive shape; it was mine to re-translate these written pages back into sound.

The scripts came to me in batches of ten or fifteen pages.

They read much as you can now read them in this book; Watson's narration leading to extracts of recordings, or of recording cut to recording. These extracts had to be found on the original tapes, re-recorded in order on to a master tape, and then edited, gaps being left into which the linking narration could be fitted later. Again there were two problems. Firstly, to find the extracts and secondly, to edit them.

Our typescripts of the speakers' words were divided into reasonable sized units and numbered—India 1—9, England 1—7. The numbers and the beginnings and ends of tapes were marked on the pages, as were the names of the speakers. From this oversized pile of paper eventually emerged the full details of each extract and these were written in the margin of the script beside the speech concerned. Sometimes this was not as simple an operation as it sounds, since it might involve the use of odd sentences from various parts of two or three tapes to construct one short paragraph.

Having completed what in film parlance would be called a 'shooting script', I and several highly skilled tape-editing technicians started the actual assembly of a 'sound track'.

To do this we used two tape machines, one to reproduce those parts of the already recorded tape we required, the other to re-record those parts in the correct order.

A speech would be re-recorded as required, either as a complete extract, or made up sentence by sentence as shown above. During this re-recording it may have been necessary to adjust slight variations in speed sometimes even within a sentence, to ensure that the voice sounds as it did when picked up by the microphone, as extreme heat or cold, dust and odd mechanical causes sometimes affect the speed at which a battery-operated portable recorder runs.

At this time too we used special apparatus to level out the actual recording, if this was desirable. It is possible within limits to cut some higher frequencies when such letters as 's' are accentuated; somewhat lessen the boxed effect of recording in a boomy acoustic, remove occasional unwanted hum on the recording; bring up or take down the actual volume of the recording. All this was done to make each recording match its fellows as nearly as possible. Once an extract was on the new tape editing would start.

The tape upon which we were re-recording runs past the electronic devices which record or reproduce at a speed of fifteen inches to a second, so it can be seen that an average sized word is contained in six to eight inches of tape—a final 's' may well cover two inches, an 'n' in the middle of a word three quarters, a long 'er' or a cough be of sufficient length to be easily removable. Indeed, with the spaces surrounding it, it might fill six to nine inches of tape.

I have written 'easily removable'. This is done to an exquisite exactitude with a razor-blade. The undesired piece of tape is removed and the two separate ends closed up and stuck together with a white tape made for the purpose.

While copying the extract, a straight sentence or paragraph or, as I have shown, a series of sentences taken from various parts of the original tapes, I marked the edits required on the script. There might be excessively long pauses, errors, corrections, 'ers', coughs, repeats, or even unsatisfactory starts or ends.

On the draft script Dr. Jayakar's speech in *A Portrait* started in this way—"There is no doubt we owe a great deal to him." In the transcript this reads admirably, but in fact the first four words covered Francis Watson's question and were as a result unusable. This, of course, happened very often: the typed word cut neatly from word to word, speaker to speaker, but on the recorded tape an interrupting voice or sound, a rising inflection when it should fall, or, vice versa, made adjustments to the draft absolutely necessary.

This kind of editing is merely a matter of routine; it is the more detailed, more personal editing that is absorbing. Some speakers always use hesitations, 'ers' or the stretching of a final consonant, when they are thinking. Some speakers start nervously and slowly with the accompanying sounds of thought and speed up when they have forgotten the microphone; some speakers repeat themselves when they wish to accentuate an idea. All these things and many others have to be kept in mind as you 'tidy-up' their records.

The ideal is to edit out the majority of the distractions, but leave enough of them to keep the character of the recorded voice; to speed up the speaker where dramatically this is required by cutting unwanted interruptions; to slow

him up when this is suitable, by cutting-in some of those same pauses and 'ers' that you had removed from his slow beginning and kept for this very purpose. Very often the cut after the last word of an extract and that before the first word of the next have to be so made that on joining the tape they become almost one. To make the space between the two words a natural one a pause must be found in the same tape, with the same background noise, with which to link the words. The use of a piece of tape without any sound on it or with a different background is at once noticeable.

Some ninety hours of editing by highly skilled technicians and myself completed the four sound tracks. We had then reels of tape containing all the edited extracts in their right order and these were connected by white tape wherever the linking narration was required. Into this we had introduced, by re-recording on to tape, with as much improvement of quality as possible, the disc-recordings of Gandhi himself, Robert Stimson's account of the assassination, and Mr. Nehru's words and the midnight chime and the sounds of jubilation in New Delhi which were recorded on 14th August 1947.

Four more days were spent in the studio recording Francis Watson's narration into the programmes. Again two machines were used; one reproducing the prepared sound track, the other recording the mixture of narration and extracts—Watson spoke, the extract was played until the white tape appeared, Watson spoke, and a recorded speech follows from tape I, more white tape, Watson, record, white tape—so it ran until half an hour of the mixture was on the programme tape. Then the tapes were changed and on we went until, by this process, one by one, the broadcasts were recorded.

We made one programme a day; each, after the first complete recording, was over-length. We consulted, cuts were made; new narration was written where necessary and recorded. Then back to the razor-blade to cut in the new material and cut out the unwanted speech; to lengthen or shorten pauses, to tidy an already edited speaker, to try and reach perfection.

A complimentary press and the pleasing praise of many colleagues have followed the broadcasting of these programmes and much of their success is due to our technicians. During the making of *Gandhi in England*, Francis Watson, by then getting a little tired, recorded the word 'messengers' when he should have read 'messages'. A quick look at the script showed that an easy cut could remove this mistake and not change the sense, so I did not ask him to repeat the passage. Late in the evening while the engineer and I were still at work on the tapes we came to this error.

'You can cut this or that,' I said pointing to the sentence, 'it makes sense.'

'Just a moment,' he said. He listened carefully, cut out half an inch of tape and fastened the ends together.

'Let's see,' he said.

'Messages,' said the loud-speaker. The 'c' sound was near enough to an 'a', and he had taken out the 'n'. It is necessary to learn techniques when working with patience and skill of this order.

MAURICE BROWN



I. 1. WITH RABINDRANATH TAGORE



1. 2. With JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

## A PORTRAIT

*Gandhiji* : Do you listen? All right—well if my voice doesn't carry it won't be my fault, it will be the fault of the loudspeaker. (*Cheering and laughter*)

*Narrator* : That voice (it was actually recorded at the Asian Relations Conference in Delhi in April 1947) did indeed reach a world-wide audience. When it was finally silenced by three bullets, there were words of public grief from the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dalai Lama, from the King of England and the President of the United States. But in an age of stentorian dictatorships, Gandhi's voice was not the voice of an orator. Among all those public addresses, at prayer meetings and at other times, there was hardly ever a set speech. And it was a quiet voice as Jawaharlal Nehru remembers it, and Rajkumari Amrit Kaur and Mr. Nehru's daughter Indira.

*Jawaharlal Nehru* : His voice never rose above a certain timbre. He never raised his voice, but it was a penetrating voice.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur* : Very weak, he was scarcely audible. I happened to be with my mother not far from the dais, and therefore I heard him, but we had no loudspeakers, and I don't think his voice carried beyond the first two or three rows.

*Indira Gandhi* : I remember his voice being of course very calm and low and yet with power in it because whenever he spoke, partly because it was so low, you felt that you had to be silent.

*Narrator* : Padmaja Naidu is one of the daughters of the late Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. She can certainly help with a portrait.

*Padmaja Naidu* : My mother had named him Mickey Mouse, you know, and he loved the name, but it took a long

time for her to explain to him why she called him Mickey Mouse. She had to find pictures for him and she did try very hard, I think, to get him to go to a movie, but that was not possible.

*Narrator* : Gandhi did see one film in his life, in 1944, and wasn't much impressed by it. But we'll let Miss Naidu go on.

*Padmaja Naidu* : One had a feeling all his bones were a little crooked, but after the first shock you never remembered about it, because of the tremendous magnetism of his eyes, and in repose I think it was the saddest face I have ever seen in my life. It was only in repose that you got this impression of great sadness.

*Gilbert Murray* : Of course, at first it gave you rather a shock. Partly that he was nearly naked. I think the chief shock was that he had no teeth.

*Narrator* : Dr. Gilbert Murray's impression. And two more pictures of Gandhi, from two writers, Glorney Bolton and Verrier Elwin.

*Glorney Bolton* : Oh, I expect my impression was like that of everybody else, what an extraordinarily plain-looking old man. And yet within a few seconds all that had completely disappeared, you were completely at ease, you found a man who spoke English beautifully, had a wonderful sense of humour, laughing all the time, talking about people in a deep, human, personal sort of way.

*Verrier Elwin* : Well, people have said that he was ugly, but the thing that struck me about him, and I was looking up an old diary only today and I saw that one of my first things that I wrote down about him was the impression of his beauty. He struck me as a beautiful person. After all, beauty isn't merely the arrangement of a couple of eyes and a nose and a mouth on the human face. Even physically he had beautiful skin. He had lovely eyes, and his back was a most graceful and beautiful thing.

*Narrator* : Louis Fischer saw the same physical beauty. This was in 1942.

*Louis Fischer* : He took very great care of his body. And may I say it was a beautiful body—had a soft skin, wonderfully powerful barrel chest, and straight legs, bulging

knees, carefully manicured finger nails—manicured by one of the ladies in the ashram. He was immaculate. Of course his body was most clean—he had it massaged every day—and he wore the one loin-cloth and a pair of old sandals. But the loin-cloth was always immaculate. I once went to him during breakfast—he had breakfast at about five in the morning; and it consisted of a jar of crushed mango—really sort of mango pulp—and then he washed his hands with water, and that was all, and we went for a walk. Now a drop of mango pulp had fallen on his white dhoti, or loin-cloth—and he kept scratching it, you know—scratching it for a minute or two—trying to get it as clean as possible.

*Narrator* : His appearance was one of the things that Gandhi could joke about. In 1946 Louis Fischer saw him again.

*Louis Fischer* : And as he came, he looked at me and he said—‘Oh there you are, Fischer!’ This was after four years. He said—‘Well, I haven’t grown better looking in these four years, have I?’ And I said—‘Well, I wouldn’t dare to differ with you!’ (*laughs*). And he threw back his head and laughed. I might say, incidentally, that with the exception of his eyes, all of his individual—the individual features of his face—were ugly. But together his face was beautiful because there was a light in it.

*Narrator* : Padmaja Naidu also remembers how Gandhi laughed at his own face.

*Padmaja Naidu* : My mother and I used to go and see him whenever we could, but we made a special point of going to see him on his silence day. It was a day of rest for him, and it always relaxed him a great deal to have a little conversation about things that were not connected with politics or serious problems, and he really did love a little bit of gossip, and talk about ordinary things. So one day I mentioned that we had just been meeting what I thought was the ugliest man in Delhi, and he seemed to get rather agitated, he kept pointing to himself but I didn’t quite follow what it was that was worrying him; so he wrote on a piece of paper. He said: ‘You call him the ugliest man in Delhi? Where do I come into it?’ So I had to apologise and say that

I had just been meeting the second ugliest man in Delhi, and he was very pleased about it.

*Narrator* : He never kept a looking-glass, says Mira Behn —Miss Slade—the English Admiral's daughter who devoted her life to Gandhi, calling him, as did many others, 'Bapu' —Father.

*Mira Behn* : He never kept a looking-glass, he hardly ever saw himself, even when he shaved. He would do it just scratching himself, with cold water, not even soap as a rule, and no looking-glass. But I remember a curious incident, such as in the Aga Khan's Palace where, being of course the Aga Khan's Palace, there were plenty of looking-glasses, and—when he used to wash his hands at the bathroom wash-basin, saw himself in the looking-glass opposite, and I remember sometimes saying to myself: 'Look at Bapu looking at himself in the looking-glass, he looks rather critically, as if he says—What is this person, I wonder what people see in me.'

*Narrator* : The Aga Khan's Palace near Poona was at that time a place of internment, lent to the Government of India for the detention of Gandhi and some others after the Quit India resolution of August 1942—he was released in May 1944. But the memory that we in this country like to keep is of the character of the conflict that ended in settlement. Sir Robert Broomfield, who conducted the trial of Gandhi in 1922 in a manner that greatly appealed to the accused, has a story about his arrest.

*Sir Robert Broomfield* : I was at the Club in Ahmedabad, rather late in the evening. Dan Healey, the Superintendent of Police, turned up in uniform. I asked him, therefore, why he was working so late, and he said that he was just going to arrest Mr. Gandhi. That was a dangerous thing to do at that time, especially as it was Mr. Gandhi's home town. Dan Healey drove off from the Club in his car, the car was driven by a police orderly, but there were no other police, and he drove to the ashram, or settlement, at Sabarmati where Gandhi was living among his followers. What happened afterwards I heard from him. He sent in a message to say that he had a warrant for Mr. Gandhi's arrest. Mr. Gandhi was at his evening prayers, he sent word

to say that he would be ready in a few minutes. Healey therefore waited in the car. A few minutes afterwards Mr. Gandhi came out and sat in the car, and they drove off together to jail. There wasn't another policeman to be seen, except the orderly who was driving the car. And I always thought that that was a tribute to both men.

*Narrator* : The President of the Republic of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, once said that the success of Gandhi and his non-violence was very largely due to the fact that he found adversaries who could appreciate it. When Dr. Prasad first came in contact with Gandhi in Bihar in 1917, his methods were difficult to understand. But soon he saw what he was aiming at.

*Rajendra Prasad* : We saw what he was aiming at. And we saw that the method which he was adopting was a novel method, a peculiar method, and we found it was a successful method.

*Narrator* : The veteran Indian statesman Dr. M. R. Jayakar often differed with Gandhi but never lost his affection for him.

*M. R. Jayakar* : We owe a great deal to him. As I said, this move, this revolution in political ideas would never have taken place so rapidly if Gandhi had not been on the spot. I think we have gained our freedom very cheap. Other countries have shed their blood over it. We didn't shed any blood at all. He may have made mistakes. I thought his politics were too emotional. The one bad thing which he produced is a sense of hero-worship, which in my view has no place in rational politics at all.

*Narrator* : Another elder statesman, Sir Mirza Ismail, also takes a measured view.

*Sir Mirza Ismail* : I don't think it's right to ascribe—although I'm not, I yield to none in my respect, in my affection for Gandhiji; but you mustn't attach scriptural value to all he said for all time. After all, he was a man and man is not always right in everything that he says or does. No, I didn't entirely agree with him, because I was not prepared for complete independence at once for India, which he was advocating. I thought that India required some more time to settle down.

*Narrator :* An Indian industrialist has doubts about some of Gandhi's economic ideas.

*S. V. Kirloskar :* As a political emancipator of India, we revere him with all of our heart. But at the same time, we, as manufacturers, were not all the time satisfied with his policies of merely going back and depending upon handi-crafts and *charka*. So far as our own freedom was considered, he attained what he was after. He got our freedom and thereby he had finished his task.

*Narrator :* Away from the towns, among people who have given up politics to carry on what Gandhi called his constructive programme, you can hear different views.

*Village Worker :* Great as is undoubtedly the contribution of Gandhiji as a leader of the political struggle for freedom, there is something that is even greater than that, and that is the way he has changed the outlook of the city Indian, who felt the urgency of political freedom, towards the Indian village and the villager. And this view of India in which the village is the centre, the village is the core, and the town has to justify itself, that is, I feel, his greatest contribution to his times.

*Narrator :* More broadly, Professor Nirmal Bose believes that Gandhi bridged the gulf between social change and individual change. And Dr. B. C. Roy, the Chief Minister of West Bengal, makes the same point.

*B. C. Roy :* Men like Marx and others have thought that it is the society that should be changed, individuals can change afterwards. But it was, I think, Gandhiji's intellect which perceived that there should be an integration of individual development with the development of society. It was the genius of Gandhiji that put the individual in link with the society.

*Narrator :* Gandhi himself, Mr. Nehru feels, formed a link between diverse individuals.

*Jawaharlal Nehru :* The fact that stood out about Gandhiji was how he attracted people of different kinds—completely different kinds—and thereby he became, you might say, a link between different groups, different individuals from the poorest peasant whom he always sought to represent to princes and rich industrialists and others—

they were all attracted in their own way, and no doubt influenced by him to some extent. Some of us were influenced much more because we actually worked with him, influenced, I suppose—well, I don't know how to define the bigness of an individual—he was certainly the biggest individual that I have come across in my life.

*Narrator* : The peasant, the industrialist, the prince—and the opponent, saw Gandhi with different eyes. A Hindu shopkeeper who lost his property but saved his family in the bloodshed of 1947 after the partition of the Punjab, remembers how Gandhi brought peace to troubled Delhi.

*Devadas Kapur* : He came here after two or three days' trouble and he said: 'If Pakistan is doing wrong and you will do the wrong, will two wrongs make one right? Stop all this nonsense. All the Mohammedans are Indians, your brothers, and they have lived here for all these years, so they must not be put in trouble and no firing and no killing, nothing should be done.' It was stopped. All this was stopped after about two days' preaching.

*Narrator* : For some people that would be miracle enough. But the legends grew up also, of trees that flowered out of season for the master, and snakes that bowed to him. A worker at the ashram of Sodepur, near Calcutta, has no need to doubt.

*Varmaji* : When Gandhiji came back, you see, then that Indian tree began to blossom in the off-season as if to greet him—and it was a very wonderful phenomenon, I mean, and all of us were wonder-struck. And when he was going about, taking a morning walk, then we would—say some few men, say five or seven or ten men—were along with him, and the cobra came and it simply bent down its hood as if to salute the feet of the Master, I mean to say Gandhiji. And all of us, you see, they were wonder-struck. Nobody tried to hurt or injure this snake. When Gandhiji passed on, then the cobra went hurrying as if it has saluted the Master and he was much pleased as were all of us.

*Narrator* : With intellectuals it was another matter. Raja Huteesingh wasn't the only Indian student who came back from England with ideas which didn't by any means square with those of Gandhi.

*Raja Hutheesingh :* Well, we tried to push him into the corner and I think, as a student at least I felt that we had pushed him into a corner, because he talked economics, he talked of trusteeship of the rich for the poor, and how the capital will not be destroyed, and this and that, which was so elementary—I mean it was not even economics, you see, he talked utter rubbish. That is what I thought at that stage.

*Narrator :* Yet in the end Raja Hutheesingh worked for Gandhi and with Gandhi.

*Raja Hutheesingh :* One of the greatest feelings I've always had, even today, if you ask me particularly, do you believe in this what Gandhi said, I would immediately react: No, I don't, and yet he has left an indelible impression on my life in the sense that I find certain peace; certain strength, whenever one thinks—'This is the way he did it.'

*Narrator :* Even with the reputation earned in South Africa, Gandhi had much scepticism to overcome when he began his movement in India. No less a person than Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel had to be convinced by demonstration. Mr. Mavlankar, Speaker in the Indian Lower House until his death in 1956, remembered Gandhi coming to Ahmedabad in 1916. Mavlankar and Sardar Patel were at the card tables in their club.

*G. V. Mavlankar :* I saw Gandhiji coming. So I got up. Patel enquired of me: 'Where are you going, why have you got up?' I said: 'Look here, Gandhiji's coming there.' Sardar's immediate reaction was: 'You will learn better if you watch our game than go to him. He is full of his idiosyncracies—what are you going to learn from him?'

*Narrator :* But in 1930 there is another glimpse of Sardar Patel with Gandhi, and a different one. Mr. Mavlankar was the leading spirit in the Ahmedabad municipality's refusal to pay for the census taken by the Government of India. Gandhi, who had just called off his civil disobedience, was consulted.

*G. V. Mavlankar :* Sardar Patel happened to be there, and then we three were there. And I put to Gandhiji the whole correspondence, and then I asked him as to whether my inference was correct. He agreed and then I asked him:

'Well what is your advice now? What shall I reply to this?' Gandhiji smiled and immediately said: 'You must tender the money.' At this my young blood boiled. I couldn't understand how he could ask me to tender the money, because it had nothing to do with civil disobedience, it was a fight that was going on before the pact and that continued after the pact. At this, when I was going to argue further with Gandhiji, Sardar just put his hand on my shoulder and said something like this: 'Well Mavlankar, it's no use arguing with this man. We don't agree with him on many points. I don't agree with him on this point, but we accepted him as a leader and therefore you will follow him, follow the orders.' Gandhiji enjoyed the whole thing very much.

*Narrator*: There are many stories like that. But sometimes acceptance was spontaneous. The conquest was immediate. One of the most celebrated cases is that of Miss Slade, who wrote from England asking to be allowed to join Gandhi, then spent a year in preparation, and at last reached Ahmedabad and was conducted to the ashram at Sabarmati.

*Mira Behn* : We went in a car, I was in a kind of trance. I had only one thought, that was to reach Bapu's feet. And yet I can see everything on the way, every stone of the path, at least every brick of that little brick path, the fruit trees, everything imprinted itself on my mind, as things do when you're in a very intense emotion. We went into that room on the river bank, and there was Bapu. I could really see nothing except a kind of light, and I realised it was Bapu and he got up and walked towards me. I went down on my knees and he picked me up, took me in his arms and said: 'You shall be my daughter.' And I never realised how near one could get to anybody as I found myself with Bapu. Absolutely simple, absolutely natural. And at such an elevation!

*Narrator* : We are on the heights now, with the saint, the Mahatma.

*B. R. Ambedkar* : He was never a Mahatma. I refuse to call him Mahatma, you see. I never in my life called him

Mahatma, he doesn't deserve that title. Not even from the point of view of morality.

*Narrator :* Opposition. Opposition from Dr. Ambedkar, political leader of the scheduled castes of India, the Untouchables. Gandhi wanted Untouchability to be dissolved by bringing the scheduled castes within the fold of Hinduism and removing all their disabilities. Ambedkar wanted protection for them as a separate community, which to Gandhi seemed morally wrong and politically dangerous. It was a very stern fight, leading in the end to one of Gandhi's most celebrated fasts.

*B. R. Ambedkar :* Oh, of course, he bargained and bargained. I said, nothing doing. I'm prepared to save your life, you see, providing you don't make hard terms but I'm not going to save your life at the cost of the life of my people. I always say that as I met Mr. Gandhi in the capacity of an opponent I've a feeling I knew him better than most other people, because he had opened his real fangs to me, you see, and I could see the inside of the man.

*Narrator :* But one didn't have to be an opponent to be wary of the idea of a Mahatma. J. B. Kripalani, the Indian Socialist leader, was not an opponent. He was a follower from 1917 until Gandhi's death.

*J. B. Kripalani :* He repudiated the idea of superman, he repudiated the idea of his becoming a Mahatma. He even said that if he were such a Mahatma, it would not be possible for us to understand him. Fundamentally, I believe, Gandhiji's message was social, political, economic, and not spiritual in the sense in which spirituality is understood. I would say that we had enough of gods and supermen. Gandhi was good enough as a man.

*Narrator :* As a man. That is what we are looking for. One of those who watched him closely over many years, worked for him in non-political fields, listened to him and sometimes argued with him, was a Polish-born engineer, Maurice Frydman. Gandhi, he says, was a man of mixed pursuits.

*Maurice Frydman :* He was a man of mixed pursuits. He had a very—if I may use the word—dirty piece of work to do; and naturally having to bring the liberation

of such a big country within a measurable time, he had to deal with all kinds of people, and to be tolerant beyond maybe actual need. As usual he over-estimated the non-violence of his followers. He did like everybody else does ; he judged others by himself. And his continually repeated mistake was over-estimation of people, putting too much faith. But that was also his greatness. After all, a great man is the man who believes more than others, and trusts more than others, bears more than others. He was a man who could give a lot of affection and really we could —we were limited only by what we took. We came with small vessels and got little, but those who asked for more got more. Those who asked for everything got everything. He had enough for all but people wouldn't take. They came to him with all kinds of personal problems and personal animosities, desires, fears, and he couldn't satisfy all the self-seeking people, but those who were not self-seeking were fully satisfied.

*Narrator* : His tolerance, his gentleness with opponents were by-words. But didn't they sometimes break down?

*Maurice Frydman* : Ah yes, he wouldn't tolerate fools. He would give bangs and curses all right. He called me a cur one day for boasting—and once I heard him scolding an ex-Minister saying: 'Oh, you have come for another job, haven't you?' No, no, no, he was not at all gentle, not all gentle, he was not a gentle man. He was not—he was loving but not kind-hearted in the sense of sentimentality. He was not at all a sentimentalist. But he believed that he's right and that those who follow him do right, and that those who throw their life with his have done the right choice. There was a good amount of self-assurance which would irritate people who didn't see completely eye to eye with him. So it all depends on a man's attitude. Those who loved him, to them he was perfection. Those who didn't, he was a politician or a reformer.

*Narrator* : The question in the middle of it all is still the same: Was Gandhi a saint or a politician? and the answer that he was both won't satisfy everybody. Perhaps nobody can finish the argument. But Dr. Gilbert Murray can start it. He met Gandhi for the first time in London

in 1914, and seventeen years later he had long talks with him in Oxford.

*Gilbert Murray* : He was the most interesting compound of characters. He was, of course, a saint—there's no doubt about that. He lived in extreme abstinence and, of course, his great method was to threaten to starve to death—a most unfair method, I think. He was exceedingly high-minded, as you see by that—by the conduct of his quarrel with the South African Government. And you could feel a sort of goodness about him. On the other hand, like other saints who've taken to politics, he was an extremely astute politician, and you had a feeling that you were up against something, somebody whose—I don't like to use a harsh word—but whose wiliness or whose ingenuity would be much more than a match for that of any ordinary European.

*J. P. Patel* : Gandhiji was not fundamentally a politician.

*Gilbert Murray* : He was very, very slippery.

*Apa Pant* : There was no subterfuge with him ever.

*Narrator* : Apa Pant, the son of a Raja who gave his small State a liberal constitution with Gandhi's advice, always felt that Gandhi went to the heart of the matter.

*Apa Pant* : There were no frills, there were no decorations, there were no superficial arguments with Gandhiji, whether it was a plan, whether it was a policy, whether it was a decision to be taken he would go right to the heart of the matter.

*Narrator* : If you were as complete a Gandhian as Dr. P. C. Ghosh, formerly Chief Minister of West Bengal, or as Pyarelal Nayar, Gandhi's secretary, Gandhi's religion and Gandhi's politics were reconciled.

*P. C. Ghosh* : And I often heard him say that no leaf of the tree falls without the will of God. And then he said in one place that most men of religion whom I have met are in the main politicians in disguise, but I who carry a mask of politics am in the heart of hearts a man of religion.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : You see, Gandhiji's politics, as a matter of fact, had its root in his deep passion for things abiding.

*Narrator* : And a Pakistani view—

*Pakistani* : Before partition Muslims generally looked

upon Mr. Gandhi as a very astute and very clever lawyer, and a very, shall I say even slippery customer, because he always used to evade coming down to realities when the interests of Muslims were concerned, and he took refuge on those very lofty planes of spirituality where it was impossible to follow him. That was the general impression, as I say, that Muslims had about him—that he always took refuge behind spirituality when he was confronted with awkward realities, by people like Mr. Jinnah and other leaders of the Muslims. I think after partition, the stature of Mr. Gandhi rose immensely, even with Pakistanis—but after partition Mr. Gandhi ceased to be their *bête noire*.

*Narrator* : Nobody else was present at the meetings between Mr. Jinnah and Mr. Gandhi in Bombay in 1944, and both the negotiators are now dead. Diwan Chaman Lal, now a member of the Indian Upper House, remembers an earlier attempt to get the two leaders together in 1940, when they were both in Simla at the invitation of the Viceroy.

*Chaman Lal* : I went to Jinnah. Jinnah said it was a good suggestion, and as I was going out of the room he said: 'Please do not tell Gandhi that I want to see him.' This was rather a difficult proposition. Goswami and I went to Gandhiji, and the moment we entered, he said: 'Doesn't somebody say somewhere "adversity makes strange bedfellows of us all"?—that you two, my colleagues, should be coming to me as messengers from Jinnah.' I said: 'Gandhiji, after all we've known Jinnah intimately and what better messengers could you have than Goswami and myself?' And then, suddenly he said: 'Does Jinnah want to see me?' And I said: 'I can't say that he does, but we are most anxious that you two should meet.' And then he said: 'If I were to say that I want to meet Jinnah it would be a lie, it would be a lie; but if Jinnah wanted to meet me, I'm prepared to walk from here to the Cecil Hotel, barefoot.' Unfortunately, this did not come off, neither of them met and history took a different turn.

*Narrator* : The turns of history sometimes hung on very little. But it is a matter of the greatest historical importance that at a certain juncture a certain man, dealing with

Gandhi in his political capacity, decided to trust him. That man is Lord Halifax, who as Lord Irwin was Viceroy of India from 1926 to 1931, a key period in Gandhi's career.

*Lord Halifax* : I personally felt I could trust Mr. Gandhi and I did trust him. And over and over again in our talks I said to him: 'Now I am going to tell you something, and if you let it out my name is mud. It's finished. You've got to keep it to yourself. I'll tell it you in confidence.' Never a word to anybody came out of anything of that sort. Therefore I have every reason to have great respect and regard for the name of that very remarkable little man. What people in England, of course, didn't always realise was that—tiresome, unpractical, irrelevant as he might be, yet he had an immense hold over the people of India for his other quite different qualities, asceticism, his other-worldliness that they attributed to him and so on, which gave him a very unique position among the masses of India and also gave him great power. A very strange man.

*Narrator* : The source of that power, to J. P. Patel and Dr. Jayakar, was simple.

*J. P. Patel* : I remember asking Gandhiji once as to what was it in him that created such a tremendous following in our country, and he said that: 'It's the man of our country who realises when he sees me that I am living as he does, and I am a part of his own self.' That was the factor which attracted the average man towards Gandhiji.

*M. R. Jayakar* : He was constituted like that. And behind his politics there was always the touch of the old Indian tradition and leadership, entirely different from what you understand in Europe. We in India understood it. For instance the way he went about. He went to see the King as a given instance, dressed in a poor man's costume with half his legs visible. He refused to listen to his friends that he should be properly dressed on that occasion. It was at Buckingham Palace. We were all taken there and Gandhi went in, and I think . . . I'm only telling you what appeared in the report—the King said: 'Mr. Gandhi, how is India doing?' He said: 'Look at me, you will know from me what India is like.' Whether it was right

is a different matter—I'm not saying anything about that. He may have made mistakes. That is a different matter but in a sense he was the one man to whom all countries looked, even England—to understand what the poor man's India was like—which is, after all, a great claim.

*Narrator* : As everybody knows, Gandhi came of a *bania* family. But when he appeared in court before Sir Robert Broomfield he described himself as a farmer and weaver.

*Sir Robert Broomfield* : It is quite true that ever since he began his political life he identified himself with the people of the country. He liked to be treated as one of them. He made a point of living as one of them. That was the main ground of his asceticism. And that is what he meant, I imagine, by describing his profession as that of a farmer and weaver.

*Narrator* : It had begun, of course, in the South African period.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur* : He more than once said to me: 'I found myself in South Africa.'

*Narrator* : But was it rather, or also, a technique that he discovered, a way of appeal? Dr. Zakir Husain is convinced that what was primitive in his life and ideas was in answer to the needs of the situation.

*Zakir Husain* : You see, many things that Gandhiji did, especially in the matter of economic life, his insistence on the spinning-wheel and on the hand-woven and handspun cloth and village industries, have led people to believe that Gandhiji wanted the primitive as such, but I think that is absolutely far from the truth. Gandhiji was one of the most rational thinkers I have come across. I'm quite sure Gandhi was not primitive by principle at all, he was primitive out of necessity, out of the necessity of the situation, because the primitive at that time—the apparently primitive of the time was the only practical thing to do.

*Narrator* : Dr. Zakir Husain is a Muslim, a distinguished educationalist who has given practical effect to Gandhi's theories. How far did those theories, and the Gandhian ethic and way of life, and the appeal to the people, depend on the background of Hinduism?

*Dhirendra Mohan Datta* : I never thought that Mahatma Gandhi was typically Indian.

*Narrator* : Dr. Datta is a well-known philosopher now living at Santiniketan, the educational institution of Rabindranath Tagore which is now a university.

*Dhirendra Mohan Datta* : To modern Hindus he was their very ideal, the very ideal which they could follow with their European education and their European background and so on, they could very easily sympathise with the Hindu ideals. But the orthodox Hindus thought that he was betraying . . . that his Hinduism was not real Hinduism.

*B. R. Ambedkar* : He was absolutely an orthodox Hindu.

*Narrator* : Dr. Ambedkar thinks so. So did many, but not all, Muslims. Some of them felt that Gandhi's attitude to Untouchability distinguished him.

*B. R. Ambedkar* : All this talk about Untouchability was just for the purpose of making the Untouchables drawn into Congress, that was one thing, and secondly, you see he wanted that the Untouchables should not oppose his movement. I don't think beyond that he had any real motive of uplift.

*Dhirendra Mohan Datta* : The common people did not bother much about Gandhi's interpretation of the *Gita*. But they saw, of course, the ideal life of a *karma yogi* in the work of Mahatma Gandhi, in the life of Mahatma Gandhi. They saw in the life of the Mahatma the kind of detachment in spite of his being in the thick of the political fight—the ideal of service of God through the service of man was for him in the *Gita*.

*Narrator* : At his prayer-meetings Gandhi had Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist and Zoroastrian prayers. Even agnostics were drawn to work for him. Professor Nirmal Bose, when Gandhi invited him to be with him on one of his last visits to Bengal, confessed that he had never thought much about believing in God, though he felt that he believed in truth.

*Nirmal Bose* : He asked me: 'Do you believe in truth, do you?' I said: 'Of course I do.' And he said: 'That will do. Are you prepared to suffer for truth?' I said: 'I don't know if I'm prepared for it, but I quite agree that a man

'who stands by what he holds to be true should be prepared also to suffer for it.' And then he said: 'That will do. That's enough.' And from that day onwards we lived together. I attended all his prayer-meetings except one or two I missed, and quite apart from that after two or three months' time, one day I asked him: 'Bapu, why don't you talk to me about God? You ought to try and convince me that God exists.' And he smiled and said: 'Do you know, I think I have a firm faith in God, I'm not quite sure about it but I try to live accordingly and if my life doesn't carry that message to you, the word of my mouth will never succeed so I don't try.'

*Narrator*: And where does the Christian influence come in? Mira Behn, the European, modelled the Sanskrit names of God on the mud wall of Gandhi's hut in the Sevagram ashram. J. P. Patel, the Indian, remembers the picture of Christ.

*J. P. Patel*: It was a mud hut with a verandah outside and a tiny room inside. In that room, as far as I can remember, the only picture was that of Jesus Christ with the words underneath—'He is my peace.'

*Narrator*: Louis Fischer noticed that picture of Christ when he spent a week at the ashram in 1942.

*Louis Fischer*: I noticed after a while that there was only one decoration—a black and white print of Jesus Christ under which was written—'He is our peace.' And I said to Gandhi—'How's this? You're not a Christian.' And he said—I am a Christian and a Hindu, and a Moslem, and a Jew.' This is what made him a great man.

*Nirmal Bose*: Well, I would love to say that he deliberately sacrificed his individual salvation for the collective salvation of the whole of suffering humanity; but I'm not sure that I can say that truthfully. What I can say truthfully is that in his early make-up, there was a strong influence which was exercised by Christianity—and I do believe that this early Christian influence led him, or developed to a very large extent, this sense of social responsibility in him. What he saw of the missionaries—how they tried to allay human suffering, this intense feeling of social responsibility must have developed the germ which already lay within him: but for this development

I'd certainly say his association with the West and his deep association with English culture, and also Christian culture, was very largely responsible.

*Narrator* : Sometimes Christian missionaries wanted to convert Gandhi, and sometimes Christians wanted to be converted by him. Dr. Verrier Elwin believes he knows why this never happened.

*Verrier Elwin* : It tied up, I think, with his whole philosophy of *swadeshi*, which was that every country, and even ultimately every village, should be in itself self-supporting and follow its own traditions. I once wrote to him, for example, and said I would like to change my religion. But he didn't like the idea, and said, 'No, you must remain as you are,' and that was one of the reasons why I think he felt that conversion as such from one religion to another was a wrong thing. It was certainly not due to any dislike of Christianity for which he had the utmost reverence, and for Christ.

*Narrator* : In a Vatican Chapel in Rome there is a life-size crucifix in bronze. Mira Behn was with Gandhi when he visited the chapel on his way through Italy after the London Round-Table Conference.

*Mira Behn* : Bapu stopped in front of it, and looked, and looked, and looked, and then he went this way, he went that way, perfectly silent, didn't say a word, then he even went round behind the statue in the wall, where nobody's even supposed to go, and looked again, and then came round in front, and then without saying a word, we went on. And as we were going out of the Vatican, Bapu just said in a very quiet voice, 'It was a marvellous thing, that crucifix.'

*Narrator* : That was not purely aesthetic appreciation.

*Verrier Elwin* : Goodness and truth and love, these were things on which he—his teaching I think was absolutely outstanding. He was not quite so good on beauty. He loved natural scenery, and he liked music and poetry to a point, but he was not very interested in art. I remember hearing him once say that the only poem that the masses need is invigorating food.

*Narrator* : This aspect of his asceticism often distressed

those who came to him, like Mr. Nehru's daughter Indira, from beautiful homes.

*Indira Gandhi* : I believe in homes being beautiful and everything as far as we can make it being beautiful, whereas to him it was—he thought that separated you from the Indian peasant or the villager, which was also an argument.

*Narrator* : Yet Glorney Bolton, driving with him in a car through London on a beautiful autumn afternoon in 1931, chiefly remembers the delight he took in the sunshine.

*Glorney Bolton* : You see, so many people who never knew Gandhi must have got the idea that he was rather a cold, forbidding ascetic, but he was nothing of the sort. He was a man who believed in making things as simple as possible, precisely because the simple things of life are really far and away the best. I can remember a bowl of fruit being brought in to him once, and what beautiful fruit it was, and how tempting it looked, and how much he must really have enjoyed it. And here, driving with him through London, it was the sun which delighted him. You felt that just because of the way he lived, the simple way he lived, the things that were near at hand, the things that cost nothing, that were so to speak God-given, were the things that really moved him—one of the reasons why he was such a happy man, and why his temperament was so gay, and why his laughter was always so very infectious.

*Narrator* : The meal of fruit was doubtless simple. But it didn't always look like renunciation, for instance to a young critic like Dr. Ashraf.

*K. M. Ashraf* : At the moment it just happened—he was taking his lunch, and to our minds it was rather delicious to see him eating his orange-juice and his milk and his *ajas* and all sorts of beautiful things. So my friend put that question, he said: 'Gandhiji, does that represent the ideal of a Kisan?' And Gandhiji, very sweet and nice, he said: 'No, but after all, God is all-forgiving and he forgiveth.'

*Narrator* : How disarming he could be! And, in the testimony of G. D. Birla, the great Indian capitalist whom he looked upon as his son, how inconsistent!

*G. D. Birla* : Consistency was not a great virtue of Gandhiji. He was never consistent. You see he changed

his attitude and methods as he saw from time to time, and as he said that honesty demands that you should do what you think to be the right at a given time, it doesn't matter if you are inconsistent.

*Narrator :* His very inconsistency could bring out some new principle—as in the well-known story of the sick calf which after much earnest thought was put out of its misery at the Sabarmati ashram. Gandhi received threats after this, but he laughed at them. And Mira Behn says that he did accept the virtue of mercy-killing.

*Mira Behn :* I am quite clear in my mind that that was the sum total of his belief in these matters: that cattle which can't be helped, and have reached the stage of extreme suffering, must be given relief, if we want to be non-violent.

*Narrator :* Inconsistency was also, sometimes, a matter of tolerance, of relaxing rules to meet a situation. Apa Pant, asked by Gandhi to live exactly like a villager, did it for three or four years, collapsed and was then told by Gandhi's own doctors that unless he took animal protein he wouldn't be strong enough to work.

*Apa Pant :* So I wrote this to Gandhiji and immediately he said: 'Your first duty is to keep your body well, so as to be able to serve the people. Every worker has his duty towards his body. Therefore, you must eat meat. If you can't digest vegetable protein you must take animal protein.' Coming from the apostle of *ahimsa*, this of course shocked quite a few people. But Mahatmaji always enjoyed shocking people.

*Narrator :* He shocked many of his followers immediately on his return from England in 1932. Another civil disobedience struggle was brewing. A resolution had been drafted for the boycott of British goods. But Gandhi wanted to send a present to the two English detectives who had been assigned to protect him in London and of whom he had grown quite fond. He sent for his secretary Pyarelal Nayar.

*Pyarelal Nayar :* The resolution in draft was lying before him one evening when he sent for me and said: 'Now go and select some good English watches to be sent to those detectives.' I ransacked the whole of Bombay and

returned with two crates full of watches—there must have been more than a hundred watches. Unfortunately none of them was an English watch, they were all Swiss watches. Gandhi said: 'No, this won't do, I must send them English watches. In the first place because I promised them, and secondly to show that I have no animosity against the English people as such and I do not want to boycott their goods merely because they're English.' But I said: 'Here is the resolution before you, you know this is going to be adopted to-morrow, so why go in for English watches when within twenty-four hours you are going to advocate the boycott of British goods?' He said: 'Well, when that moment comes I shall see what my duty is, but for the time being my duty is to give English watches preference to any other.'

*Devadas Gandhi* : He was both very stern and very gentle. We have a Sanskrit verse which describes the nature of a—something like an exalted being, in something like the following words, namely: 'as hard as flint, and as soft and tender as the petals of a flower.' That's what his nature was.

*K. Shridharani* : 'Sterner than steel, and more docile than a flower.' Gandhi was like that. So I have the recollections of Gandhi as a hard taskmaster, as a very considerate father and leader.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur* : Mind you, he was an extremely hard taskmaster. Oh, I've wept more than once at what I considered was injustice on his part, being hard on me if I made a mistake, and he would be very harsh indeed, and would draw tears from one, and then he'd say: 'I have no sympathy with you because of your tears, because tears are anger, are a sign and symbol of anger, and it's not sorrow, and sorrow and anger—it's a very thin line that divides one from the other'; and well, of course, after some time one would see reason. I mean so hard was he sometimes that I know I've lost my temper. He sometimes lost his temper too, but he was always big enough to acknowledge that he'd lost it.

*Verrier Elwin* : I have never seen him impatient. I've seen him angry but I've never seen him lose his temper.

*J. P. Patel* : I don't think the word stubborn in its normal

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sense could apply to Gandhiji. If he was stubborn he would not have encouraged people who disagreed with him to talk to him.

*Raja Hutheesingh* : I always felt that as a man he was malleable. You could change his view, you could affect, impress him.

*Zakir Husain* : I have not known any man of that greatness who could tolerate opposition as much as he did and who welcomed discussion as much as he did.

*Narrator* : Firmness and tolerance, discipline and gentleness—nearly everyone was struck by these mixed elements: Mr. Nehru also.

*Jawaharlal Nehru* : He was rigid about principles, but he was human enough. If he had been merely rigid about principles he would not have got on with people, but he did get on with people, every type of person. Whenever there were conflicts amongst ourselves we went to him and he, well, reconciled us, or made us accept ultimately what his own viewpoint was. Sometimes, I'm afraid, we accepted it rather rebelliously, but we accepted it all the same.

*Narrator* : There's another thing that everybody noticed: Gandhi's fondness for children. Horace Alexander watched the children playing about him while the ashram workers were reporting to Gandhi on their daily record of spinning.

*Horace Alexander* : They didn't make a noise, Indian children are rather good at not making a noise, but they ran about, and I noticed that they liked to run rather near where Gandhi was sitting, and he would hold out his hand as one of them was running past, as if he were going to trip the child up, you know, or something of that kind, and while all this went on, Gandhi was having a little dumb-show play with the children.

*Raihana Tyabji* : Oh, his sense of humour—his sense of humour was—was terrific; in fact, I think it was his sense of humour that kept him alive.

*Narrator* : Yes, everyone agrees on that also. But the laughter isn't easy to recapture. As Verrier Elwin says, it wasn't the ordinary kind of humour.

*Verrier Elwin* : Gandhi's sense of humour was not the ordinary kind. He didn't do any wisecracking; there was no

verbal humour in the ordinary sense, and he very rarely told a funny story. But he had that very deep kind of humour which could see a joke against himself, even a joke against his country, and which could sense the ridiculousness of a situation.

*Narrator* : But sometimes we can still hear the chuckles. For instance, during the voyage to England in 1931 Gandhi slept on the deck and his secretary Pyarelal Nayar remembers some of the passengers asking him if they might hold a dance on that part of the deck.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : 'Can we dance near you?' they said. He said: 'By all means you can dance, not only near me but all around me so long as you don't dance *on* me.' That night he went off to sleep, and they continued to dance all around him till almost midnight. It didn't disturb his sleep at all. On another occasion a few fellow-passengers came to him. They had formed a club known as the *Billy Goats* and ran a hand-written sheet called the *Scandal Times*. The contents of the sheet were what its name connoted. One of the representatives came to Gandhiji and said: 'Mr. Gandhi, here is our sheet the *Scandal Times*. I would very much like you to run your eye through it and tell me what you think of it, and please do it quickly because I'm in a hurry to go down and have a second glass of beer.' Gandhiji took the sheet in his hand, extracted a brass fastener and told him: 'Well, I've taken the most precious thing out of it,' and returned the sheet to him.

*Narrator* : Almost certainly Gandhi put that paper-fastener to good use. He wasted nothing. Many of those who were close to him, like Brijkrishna Chandiwala, observed how particular he was about small things.

*B. Chandiwala* : He was very particular about everything, even the tiniest thing. Suppose he had lost his piece of pencil, he won't rest unless that was found out. If he has lost his handkerchief he will—everybody will look for it ; unless it was found out he won't be satisfied. So—because he said that I am a trustee and every bit of it is the nation's wealth, so I can't afford to lose everything, I can't spend like this, "I am a poor man and my country is very poor, so

even the tiniest thing has got some value and I can't afford to lose it.

*Narrator* : Paper, for instance.

*B. Chandiwala* : Oh, about papers, he won't use the fresh papers, yes.. He will write his messages and his articles on the back of telegrams and letters, he will use every piece of paper which he could.

*Narrator* : His secretaries had to do the same.

*B. Chandiwala* : Yes, the same thing, yes. One day, one of his secretaries brought some files from the market, and he was not satisfied with it and he asked him—'Why don't you use newspapers for the files, and why have you spent so much money?' So he asked him to return the files back.

*Narrator* : You never knew what form this vigilant economy might take next. You might have to carry rocks about, like Professor Nirmal Bose.

*Nirmal Bose* : That was in 1934. I went on a walk with him, and as he was returning I found him picking up a few bits of stones—big blocks of stone. He gathered them in his dhoti and he started carrying it and everybody sort of did it—and I did likewise; and when I—when we all reached the ashram we found a huge collection of stones, and when we asked him what this was for he said: 'Well, we have to build a small road from here up to—across the field—up to the main road. Now that will cost money, and the contractors have said that half was for the collection of materials and half for the labour. Now we are trying to save all the money on materials by gathering small bits of stone in this manner, and we will only pay for the labour. This will help.'

*Narrator* : Is that, perhaps, an echo of Ruskin's economics? It might be. *Unto This Last* was one of the formative influences that Gandhi acknowledged. He translated it under the title *Sarvodaya* : and *Sarvodaya*—'The Welfare of All'—is a word that one hears a good deal in Indian political discussion today. In the Gandhi Museum in New Delhi, among the few—the rather pathetically few personal relics, is the copy of *Unto This Last*, which was lent to him by Henry S. L. Polak in South Africa as far back as 1904.

A PORTRAIT

H. S. L. Polak : He was rather worried about the financial position of the weekly paper which was then being published in Durban, and I went to see him off on the rail journey to Durban, and I gave him to read a book that had very greatly interested me—Ruskin's book *Unto This Last*. And he says in his autobiography that he was so fascinated by it that he couldn't put the book down all night till he'd finished it. And he immediately decided that he must change his way of life from that of the ordinary middle-class professional person to that of the farmer and craftsman and the simple life. And one of the things that he then did was to purchase a plot of land about thirteen miles out of Durban, at a place called Phoenix which became the first simple life settlement with which he was associated.

*Narrator*: There was Ruskin. And there was Tolstoy.

*H. S. L. Polak*: And then, looking at his bookshelves I noticed, among other things, some books that I myself had brought out to South Africa on the Hindu philosophy which I had obtained in London before I went out to South Africa, and then, too, I noticed some books of Tolstoy. Now I had been a student of Tolstoy when I had been a student in Switzerland. And I immediately realised the way in which his mind was working. I knew that he himself had been a Sergeant Major of an ambulance corps in the Boer War. I knew also that Tolstoy had also been a soldier. But Tolstoy's mind had worked towards peace and I saw that Gandhi's was working in the same direction.

Narrator: Whatever he got from books in those early days, there is the natural question of how Gandhi became what he was. If you saw him with the eyes of someone like Mira Behn, there was something there from the beginning, and something that is not yet extinguished.

*Mira Behn* : I think whatever a person is, is born with them. It gradually develops as they grow, but the seed of it is there from the beginning. But of course, yes, Bapu was struggling to the end, because Bapu put such a goal before him that he could never be satisfied. And two or three times I heard Bapu say to people when they were talking to him: 'I have only been able to just begin this experiment with non-violence. I'm trying to put people on the road. But it will

need many Gandhis to bring it to perfection.' Well now, you can take that any way you like, but many Gandhis really means that Bapu has to come again, and Bapu was feeling that this is the beginning. Or it may be the middle. But Bapu never dabbled in the superhuman, or the mysterious—but he was so above us, and just because of his simplicity and his innocence we could hardly realise how, we couldn't realise how great: we don't realise even now.

*Narrator :* On the other hand Dr. Zakir Husain saw him as a self-made man.

*Zakir Husain :* You see, in my view one of the chief things to note in Gandhi's life is that he was not born great. He was not born with things that usually help people to become great. He was born an ordinary man with ordinary capacities, and he literally hammered himself into shape. He chiselled himself into shape, he was a self-educated, self-made man, consciously determined to make himself the instrument of the values which he prized. For instance, he was not a particularly handsome man, his presence was not over-powering, he didn't have the gift of eloquence. He was a self-made man, and that's a great thing that makes him a great asset for future generations, because it is not someone sent from God, as great, inimitable, from whom you usually can't easily learn and whom you can't imitate.

*Narrator :* Gandhi wrote about those ordinary beginnings quite frankly. And sometimes he used to talk about them, usually before he went to sleep. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur calls them his bedtime stories.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur :* Oh yes, he talked about his childhood, and said he was a dull child, again and again he said to me: 'I was a very stupid child.' He remembered scenes with his mother, and how the fact that she wasn't eating used to strike him on certain days, and he couldn't quite understand why she was fasting, and he'd not like it and he'd run round and round to see if the moon could be seen, or the stars could be seen, or something which would make her break her fast. But, and of course, when he went to school, and always used to talk about how shy a child he was, and how he hated to be with a whole heap of other boys, and right to the end he used to say, you know I'm very shy

now, when people come, I am shy. And yet, of course, he was—I mean I couldn't detect that he was shy, because he started talking and he started taking an interest in you straight away. He was a quiet child, and a child that wanted to know the whys and wherefores of things. And I think he once told me that he was a child who didn't talk much, and whenever he did talk it was always to ask questions, and very often he didn't get satisfactory replies.

*Narrator :* The lapses from virtue of which he wrote so freely came a little later.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur :* That was when he was older when he got into this bad company, and he sold even some of the gold that he had round him in a bracelet, and when he ate that meat and he was hiding it from his father—those were the things that hurt him. But other lapses of ordinary naughtiness he didn't seem to lay much stress on, and I imagine he wasn't a naughty child, but a quiet child who was thinking all the time.

*Narrator :* There are theories about Gandhi's devotion to his mother, and his attitude to women in general. Professor Nirmal Bose connects this with the principle of *brahmacharya*, or celibacy.

*Nirmal Bose :* We didn't have any conversation on that point, but it is quite true that in his writing he again and again refers to his mother and to the tremendous influence which his mother exercised over him. For him it was necessary to control some of the ordinary passions to which mankind is subject—hunger, for instance, or sex: these have to be controlled in our traditional religion, as well as in other religions, when a man seeks companionship with God. Now, in this context I do believe that his ideas—which he derived from his mother—and also the austerity which he saw in his mother was very much reflected in his own character. It was not inborn, but it was something which he gathered from the behaviour of his mother in his early childhood. But later on I do believe that when sex became an obstruction in his way as he has described in his own autobiography, I do believe he tried to conquer sex by identifying himself in a very distant way with his mother; he tried to play the part of a mother to all individuals who came in contact with him.

And I do believe that the tenderness which I very often noticed in him in relation to every human being who came sorrowing for consolation to him, or for courage to him, was an aspect of that motherhood which he had gradually developed inside of himself by constant effort. Among our religious seekers we do come across such endeavours.

*Verrier Elwin* : I think that the idea that he identified himself with the feminine principle is extraordinarily interesting, and like many great men there was that motherly touch about him in his love for people and his tenderness for people, but I didn't myself ever hear him talk about it.

*Narrator* : Dr. Verrier Elwin's idea of Gandhi's renunciations is different.

*Verrier Elwin* : I had several long talks with him, and I think he's often been very much misunderstood on the matter, and that what was for him a temporary ethic as you might call it, an ethic for an interim period, has been elevated by some people into a regular philosophy or gospel. What I mean is this. Gandhi felt that if his country was to win freedom it could only be achieved by people who were themselves completely free. If you had a wife and some great moral or political issue arose, you would think and consider what effect that would have on your wife. If you had children you would consider, will this enable me to educate my children or not? In the same way if you had an income, if you had property, you would always be thinking about that, when any real crisis arose ; and so when he told his followers that they mustn't marry, that they must have no sexual relations, it was not out of any absolute spiritual philosophy, it was rather a political expedient for the time being. And we must remember that for him politics and ethics were the same.

*Narrator* : Yet Gandhi had a wife, and children, and grandchildren. He once said that differences with his wife gave him practice in non-violence. There had to be differences, even though Kasturba Gandhi—Ba as she was called by intimates—accepted the vow of celibacy that he took in his thirty-eighth year, in South Africa. Millie Polak and her husband, who knew the family so closely in that period, both remember the rigours of life in the Phoenix Settlement.

*Mrs. Polak* : Mrs. Gandhi was not quite happy, it wouldn't be fair to say that she was, but one has to remember that life in India to people in their station would not have been a luxurious life at all.

*H. S. L. Polak* : I'd like just to add one thing ; it was just about that time that Gandhi decided upon the adoption of the *brahmacharya* way of life—that is to say sexual abstinence—and he felt that he had increasingly to devote himself to public work and he couldn't do that if he had to live the family life any longer.

*Mrs. Polak* : He discussed it with Mrs. Gandhi to know if she would be willing to accept that order of life, and again there was no reason why she shouldn't accept it, and did so. But I think the great thing that disturbed her was the education—or lack of education—of her three children.

*Devadas Gandhi* : Not education as my father would define the word, but as it's known everywhere and commonly understood, yes.

*Narrator* : Devadas Gandhi, Gandhi's youngest son, remembers his upbringing in South Africa as no schools and no curriculum.

*Devadas Gandhi* : And right in the middle of a long stretch of no schooling and no regular home study, somebody would turn up as a co-worker of my father's who would start taking an interest in the children, and read books to them, and give lessons in arithmetic and so on, and that would go on for a few months, and then again the whole thing would snap, because all the adults would probably be in jail.

*Narrator* : All except, on one occasion, Gandhi himself.

*Devadas Gandhi* : The only person who was left behind to look after us was my father himself, who hadn't yet volunteered to go to prison, or hadn't yet committed any great offence to warrant his arrest ; and we, one or two others, and I remember how distressed we were at the fact that my mother also had gone ; and we didn't know what would happen, but I remember vaguely how my father was able to step in and look after all of us.

*Mrs. Polak* : I had undertaken, when we were in Johannesburg, to give just a simple education or lessons to these three children, which would include music. And the

children responded rather well, but when I was leaving Phoenix and there was no method at all of the elder boy getting education, he felt very sore about it, and of course his mother did also. I may say that in these things Mrs. Gandhi, who didn't like to fight too much her husband on things that she wanted—she would often come to me and say. 'You ask Bapu—Bapu give you, you ask Bapu,' Bapu being the word for father. And I used to argue with Mr. Gandhi and get many things, get shoes and socks for the little boy, a suit, a suitable suit for him and so on. So that Mrs. Gandhi responded lovingly and yet there was a basis of resentment that life had taken from her the things that she did desire to have.

*Narrator :* But as time went on it would seem that this domestic relationship mellowed. Most people who knew and watched Gandhi agree that his wife came to occupy a significant place, if only in the background. Some would put her influence very high. The last months of their life together were spent in confinement in the Aga Khan's Palace. The English Quaker Horace Alexander was allowed to visit him. Gandhi was not very buoyant just then.

*Horace Alexander :* No, I think during the time when he was in jail between 1942 and '44, he passed through very deep waters. Remember that within a few days of his arrest his devoted secretary Mahadev Desai suddenly died, then his wife became ill, and ultimately she died and Gandhi himself had quite a severe illness which led to, I think—if I remember rightly—led to his release, and I think there's no doubt that those two or three years were years when he felt very unhappy, and felt as if everything had so to speak gone wrong, and all the hopes he'd had of having a better relationship with the British seemed to have disappeared altogether, and it took him a long time to get over that.

*Narrator :* Not the least startling story to come out of the Aga Khan's Palace in that confused period was the story that Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi were playing ping-pong. Well, Dr. Gilder was there.

*M. D. Gilder :* As regards the story about table-tennis, the real facts are this: when we were in Aga Khan's Palace, some of the younger ones played badminton during the dry season.



H. L. With KASTURBA



II. 2. AT A GATHERING, NOAKHALL

During the rainy season something else had to be done and we thought of having ping-pong, or table-tennis as you now call it. In order to inaugurate the table-tennis club, we got Gandhiji and Kasturba—Ba, as we called her, his wife, to come and inaugurate the thing. Both of them were standing at either end of the table and with a racquet in their hand. Ba served first and the ball went promptly on to the top of Gandhiji's shaven head. He laughed and everybody laughed and that was the happy inauguration of the table-tennis club.

*Narrator* : From that picture we turn to another. Gandhi was seventy-three. He told his companions that they should be prepared to remain shut up for seven years. Dr. Sushila Nayar was one of these, and it was she who attended Mrs. Gandhi when she fell ill.

*Sushila Nayar* : Ba was very fond of good food, and during her illness she couldn't eat ; and Bapu, of course restricted her diet and sometimes we had a crisis about that. She wanted to eat some particular thing, Bapu would say no, and once I remember Bapu was going to eat something, and when Ba said she wanted it, he said he wouldn't have it. So Ba said, no, no she would not have it if he couldn't agree to have it.

*Narrator* : As she grew worse, she needed support, and they took it in turns. When death came it was Gandhi who was holding her.

*Sushila Nayar* : And he was very happy about it, because he used to say from time to time—he was very devoted to her—and he used to say: 'I don't know what life would be like when I am gone, therefore I would prefer it that she goes before me rather than after me.' And she went not only before him, she went actually in his arms.

*Narrator* : All night they sat beside the body, with prayers and recitations from the *Bhagavad Gita*. The cremation took place within the Palace compound.

*Sushila Nayar* : He sat there throughout the cremation. The body was waterlogged so it took a long time for cremation, and when several times it was suggested to him: 'Won't you get up now, Bapu?' he said: 'After sixty years of association can't I sit a few hours longer?' He had been

greatly moved by Mahadev Desai's death, by Jamnalal Bajaj's death and Maganlal Gandhi's death. He said: 'All three of them were irreplaceable in their own fields. But I can say of the vacuum that has been created by Ba's death, it is something different, and a vacuum which cannot be filled.' From early childhood they had been together.

*Narrator* : We have been turning a page of Gandhi's private life. But did he *have* a private life? Could he have one? To Westerners, to Verrier Elwin for instance and to Horace Alexander, it hardly seemed so.

*Verrier Elwin* : I very often used to discuss all sorts of things with him, though you know it was difficult talking to Gandhi because of the large crowds that were always present. He—it was very rare that one could get him alone, entirely to oneself. Well, that didn't worry him because he had an extraordinary power of giving himself entirely to whomever he was with. All his attention was directed and concentrated on you, but it was difficult for oneself in talking.

*Horace Alexander* : I think that he was just the same man, both in private and in public. Of course, you may also say that he didn't have any private life. He was always accessible. I remember once when he was in London at the time of the Round-Table Conference when I was trying to help him in various ways, one day in his house, in the rooms he had in Knightsbridge, I was sitting there writing and he was in the room, and everybody else as it happened had gone out, and I saw him turn round as if he was looking for something, so I said: 'Do you want anything that I can get for you?' He said: 'No, I was just looking round to see if there was no one else in the room, it's so extraordinary for me to be left alone!' Well, he just didn't have an absolutely private life, you may almost say.

*Narrator* : His relatives, in fact, had to share him with millions. And first they had to share him with the others in the ashram. Devadas Gandhi understood that, remembering his South African childhood; and Sumitra Gandhi, a grand-daughter, had to learn it later.

*Devadas Gandhi* : I think that the most prominent feature of our life there was that so far as he was concerned

he was exactly the same to all of us, taking great care to avoid any impression in anyone's mind that his own children were of greater importance to him.

*Sumitra Gandhi* : Well, somehow I never felt that my grandfather was my grandfather only. He used to be grandfather to all who were around him, big or small, no matter whose child he was or what he was . . . We were children not responsible to—not required to do any work. But then we will be fanning him because it—in the summer months it is very warm and he would not like to have flies about him. Though we used to have very clean and neat ashram, sometimes flies or some mosquitoes may come there, then we'll sit and fan him. I used to do it very often and my—I can remember my mother massaging his feet with purified butter, ghee—what we call cow's ghee. Always afternoon, at night also. And sometimes my grandmother will do it. Then he will—he used to have a nap of fifteen to twenty minutes in the afternoon, he will also take me to the bed along with him and try to put me to sleep with his hand. He would put his palm on my eyes and just want me to sleep, because that will give him a rest, but then I'll slip away from his arm, under his arm, and run away along with my brothers there, because I would not like to sleep in afternoon. He'll say: 'You are a naughty child running away; you didn't sleep with me and you should take rest in the afternoon and should not roam in the sun and dust.' That's the way he was careful about my eyes and my health. And everyone's as a matter of fact. He will look after anyone; not may be his grandchildren or his relatives or whosoever, he will always look after them.

*Narrator* : He will always look after them. Mr. Nehru remembers the lepers.

*Jawaharlal Nehru* : Whenever he saw a leper he went to him, and in his own ashram it was almost a routine for him to go and personally tend such lepers as came there.

*Narrator* : Everyone could have his attention. Even in the ashram he was always surrounded by people.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur* : Always, always surrounded by people, and one thing I learned from him very early—what it was to be a good listener. He was extraordinary

the humblest person could come with the humblest request which I would probably time and again in my heart of hearts think what a waste of time to give to this man, or to even listen to him, and yet Gandhiji would give his whole soul and mind to that person, that was one of the things that drew people to him.

*Narrator :* That was when Rajkumari Amrit Kaur was working as Gandhi's secretary. Raihana Tyabji first experienced this power of attention in the dining-hall at Sabarmati ashram when she was a guest.

*Raihana Tyabji :* Bapu was just near the door of entry, and on his left was Acharya Kripalani and he made me sit on his right. And he was talking to Acharyaji with concentrated attention. Something came along—I forget what it was—and it looked rather attractive and I wanted to take it, and without turning his head, Bapu said: 'Raihana, I wouldn't if I were you. It's rather heavy. I know you have a weak digestion. Better be careful.' I said: 'But Bapu, I'd like to have some.' But by that time he had said to the person who was serving: 'No, not for Raihana. Give her kigeree,' (which is rice). So I had to have kigeree. Then something else came along which also looked rather nice. 'No,' said Bapu, 'not this for you' . . . 'no,' for So-and-so. 'He's got a cough.' 'No,' for So-and-so. 'His digestion is out of order.' 'No rice' for So-and-so—'He suffers from asthma.' And it was astonishing. I said to myself, how,—now how does Bapu remember everyone, where they are situated, and what to do about it?

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur :* Wonderful memory. He gave me one extraordinary tip about preserving one's memory. One day he told me to do three things, and I did two and I forgot the third, and next morning I came to 'him and I said: 'You asked me to do this and I've done it, and you asked me to do this and here are the papers.' And he said: 'Didn't I ask you to do something else?' And I looked at him and said: 'I've forgotten.' And he said: 'Yes, now you've forgotten, now you learn from me how not to forget. You must note down things of this nature, that you needn't remember, that you needn't tax your memory with, and you must only put into the storehouse

of your memory those things that are worth remembering. And if you do that you will preserve your memory.' And I think he's absolutely right. Just during, I think, the last two years of his life, his memory was not quite so keen as it used to be. It was good right up to the end, but not quite as good as it used to be.

*Padmaja Naidu* : When he sent me to do some work in Hyderabad—the time when I was in very bad health—he was rather concerned about my health and so he used to send a little letter every day asking how I was and if I was not overdoing my work, and one day my sister said to me in great surprise: 'I'm astonished that Bapu can find time to write a love-letter every day; hasn't he got any work to do?' So I wrote and told him that my sister disapproved very much of your writing love-letters every day, and she wants to know how you find the time. So he wrote back and said: 'It's quite obvious that she's never been in love, because when you're in love you can always find time to write a love-letter.'

*Narrator* : Miss Naidu was a favourite, and Gandhi was being playful. He did warm always to human contact. Mr. Rajagopalachari is clear on this point.

*C. Rajagopalachari* : He was a very companionable man and he liked human company very much. He was a man who liked to laugh, he liked people who laughed, he liked children, he liked women, he liked good company.

*Narrator* : This was not a man made for solitary meditation. Maurice Frydman once asked him what was his fundamental starting-point.

*Maurice Frydman* : He told me, very simply: 'I want to find God. And because I want to find God, I have to find God along with other people. I don't believe I can find God alone. If I did, I would be running to Himalayas to find God in some cave there. But since I believe that nobody can find God alone, I have to work with people. I have to take them with me. Alone I can't come to Him. That is my,' he said, 'fundamental approach to everything. If you know it, you will understand, how do I start, whenever you ask a question.'

*Narrator* : And also, how he was to end: not in the

traditional retirement to the mountain-cave, but among people, still working among people: and indeed reaching, as many think, the height of his achievement as a peacemaker in Bengal and then in Delhi. And yet, in one sense, perhaps those last tasks did mean solitude. Far away in Eastern Bengal he walked from one stricken village to the next, an old man, barefoot now because he had discarded even his sandals as a sign of atonement for violence. He had sent away most of his companions. Sudhir Ghosh went to see him.

*Sudhir Ghosh* : As you know he had a habit of putting his hands on someone's shoulders, when he walked, and in those three days I was with him he walked with me with his hands on my shoulders. And one morning throughout the entire walk he talked—well, it was hardly a voice, but a whisper because physically he was so weak. In that whispering voice he surveyed the whole Indian situation, the entire Indian political scene, his struggle for thirty to forty years for Indian independence, the Congress organisation of which he was really the creator, the great Congress political leaders whom he had trained up and the part played by them. He could see the inevitability of what was coming, and you could see the burden on his mind, the pain of it all, how at the end of all his lifelong work—India was going to be free, but not undivided. So at the end of that survey of the entire Indian scene, after giving me his analysis of what was happening and the position taken up by all his friends and associates, at the end of it he heaved a deep sigh and he said: 'Don't you see the loneliness of it all?' Well, the voice in which he said that was really heartbreaking.

*Narrator* : But he didn't give up. That is the characteristic thing. He met the situation and set about healing the conflicts that partition left unresolved.

*Narrator* : During the terrible disturbances in Calcutta, rioters broke into the Muslim house in which Gandhi was deliberately staying. Professor Bose had just left on an errand.

*Nirmal Bose* : When I came back I saw the devastation that was all around us—all the glass panes broken, all the

furniture broken to bits ; and as soon as I went to Gandhiji he laughed aloud and said: 'Your people, the Bengalis, are an extremely gentle people.' And I said: 'Bapu, what are you saying?' And he said: 'They could as well have killed me, but they're so decent that they broke all the furniture, they broke all the glass panes, but they didn't know that none of this belongs to me. It belongs to somebody else.' That was how he took it.

*Jawaharlal Nehru* : I suppose his essential faith carried him through all these things. Many of us don't possess that faith in that measure . . . Fearlessness—yes, I would say fearlessness was his greatest gift, and the fact that this weak little bundle of bones was so fearless in every way, physically, mentally—it was a tremendous thing which went to the other people too, and made them less afraid.

*Narrator* : Nehru would say 'fearlessness.' Gandhi would have said 'God.' On his way back from England in 1932 he stopped in Switzerland. Early one morning he was walking in the mountains with Pierre Ceresole and Muriel Lester.

*Muriel Lester* : You know he was the most unsentimental man who ever lived, and very unemotional in his actions, speaks in a low, quiet, sometimes almost monotonous voice. But here he acted out something as he was saying, first time I've ever seen him do that. And he said: 'You know I have no strength at all of my own. All my strength comes from God. Look at me!' And he stopped there on the path by us—and he looked down, stretched out his hands and looked down at his little meagre figure—and we of course looked also—short and small. He said: 'Look at me. I have no power of my own at all. It is a continuous astonishment to me. I tell you a mere boy could knock me over with a blow of his fist. All my strength is God. If the whole world were against me, if the whole world denied it, I would know it was true. I would stand alone.'

*Narrator* : Or finally, in his own words and voice recorded at just that time.

*Gandhiji* : I do dimly perceive that whilst everything around me is ever changing, ever dying, there is underlying all that change a living power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves and re-creates.

## II

## THE CONQUEST OF INDIA

*Narrator* : 'The Conquest of India' is not a phrase that would have had much appeal to Gandhi himself. In all his eventful life the moments of real triumph are hard to recognise. When vast crowds celebrated independence in August 1947, Gandhi fasted. Nearing the end of his days, walking barefoot with one companion among the villages of Bengal, he looked back upon thirty years of work in India.

*Sudhir Ghosh* : At the end of it he heaved a deep sigh and he said: 'Don't you see the loneliness of it all?'

*Narrator* : Where others saw achievement he saw only a beginning.

*Mira Behn* : And two or three times I heard Bapu say to people when they were talking to him: 'I have only been able to just begin this experiment with non-violence.'

*Narrator* : He never under-estimated the forces ranged against him. A bomb intended for a Viceroy might be aimed at him.

*Reginald Reynolds* : Gandhi said, looking up from his spinning-wheel: 'They are throwing bombs at Irwin now—it will be my turn next.' He was so gay that I thought he was joking. The others who were listening looked shocked and incredulous.

*Narrator* : That very gaiety—the conquest of himself—disguised the moments when he had conquered others. Some he could not conquer—for instance the Muslims who wanted Pakistan. Some critics remained critics to the end. Yet it is a fact that between returning to India in 1915 after his work in South Africa, and meeting the Viceroy for the Irwin-Gandhi talks in 1931, Gandhi had put himself into a position from which he could not be dislodged. During his career in India he was arrested six times. But he was tried only once—'the great trial'—as it was called in India,

which began on March 18th, 1922 at Ahmedabad. It was at a time when Gandhi's star appeared to be sinking, for he had halted his first civil disobedience movement in full course because violence had occurred. The charge now was sedition, of which Gandhi was guilty, and at once said so. The trial was conducted by Judge Broomfield, later Sir Robert Broomfield.

*Sir Robert Broomfield* : He had brought a long written statement with him, which he obviously wished to read. I felt pretty sure that the statement was likely to be political propaganda not having very much bearing on the only issue, which was the amount of the sentence. However, I saw no objection to his reading it, and I allowed him to do so. That, I think, was one reason why he was pleased with his trial, I let him have his say. It was a long statement. To sum it up very briefly, he recorded his services to the government which were considerable, and he explained at some length the course of events which had led him to change his mind, and come to the conclusion that the laws administered by the British Government were not in the interests of the Indian people and should not be obeyed. He also, at one stage, expressed the view that I, as the judge, ought to resign my post. But I am quite sure that he did not expect me to resign, and that he was not really speaking to me at all, but to a much larger audience outside that Sessions Court at Ahmedabad.

*Narrator* : What that larger audience looked for, no doubt, was the stand of an uncompromising non-co-operator, in answer to the post-war political grievances that Gandhi listed in his statement—the Khilafat affair, the Rowlatt Acts and so on. But Gandhi's own processes were hardly so simple. His life continued to be experimental, his strategy never finally abandoned compromise, his deepest concerns were not those of pure politics. How, then, had he achieved this audience, this following, when he stood up in Court in Ahmedabad, a little more than seven years after his return from South Africa? When the first non-co-operation movement was being planned by the Congress Working Committee, of which Mr. Nehru was a member, Gandhi said quietly that no movement can succeed without discipline.

*Jawaharlal Nehru* : It's up to you to choose me as your leader or not. It's up to you to throw me out when you want to. It's up to you to cut off my head when you want to, but so long as I am your leader, I am the leader and there's martial law. So this curious mixture of extreme modesty and simplicity, with an iron will, an iron command always put across in a soft way.

*Narrator* : In the beginning, Mr. Nehru says, Congress politicians looked upon Gandhi as a respected crank.

*Jawaharlal Nehru* : Then when he came into the political field in a big way and made—well, rather astounding proposals asking, for instance, lawyers to give up their practice, and live simply and on next to nothing ; everybody to wear handspun clothes made in the villages, and the whole atmosphere changed, and many of our older leaders, who wanted to co-operate with him, nevertheless were not quite clear what all this meant, because they'd been thinking differently. There was a conflict for some months, maybe a year. But he caught on so well with the Indian people, the masses, that that brought some conviction to the older leaders, who were pulled then towards him.

*Narrator* : As soon as he reached India in 1915, Gandhi had hurried to the revered reformer Gokhale, then very near his death. And Gokhale, as Dr. Jayakar remembers, perceived both the crank and the popular leader. Gandhi was to be tried out as a probationer of Gokhale's Servants of India Society.

*M. R. Jayakar* : On the day he joined, or two days later, I happened to meet Mr. Gokhale. I was talking to him, and meanwhile news was brought that the new recruit was cleaning all the lavatories. Gokhale didn't like this, he said: 'Why does he do that?' He sent a message to Gandhi that this would not do here. Gandhi replied: 'It is a part of my daily regime.' Gokhale replied: 'It is not a part of my daily regime. You will have to stop.' Gokhale had great power over him, because he called himself a disciple of Gokhale. I asked Gokhale: 'What do you think of this new arrival?' 'Oh,' he said, 'the new man, he is going to be the leader of India when we're all gone.' 'Oh,' I said. 'When emotional appeal has to be made to the people, to raise their

patriotism, self-sacrifice and other qualities, he is the one. I haven't seen anybody like him.'

*Narrator* : Nor had the late G. V. Mavlankar, who, at Ahmedabad in 1916, at first saw little except Gandhi's idiosyncracies.

*G. V. Mavlankar* : A bundle of idiosyncracies. His dress—the way in which he took to grinding, the way in which he was cooking—and all that kind of thing. Why should he waste his time in doing things like cooking, cleaning, sweeping, scavenging and such other things? I had not understood his philosophy. When we went to his place to visit him, he would not even provide a chair for us.

*Narrator* : Indian dress was not popular among the lawyer-politicians, and non-violent ideas were something new to ardent souls like Kaka Kalelkar.

*Kaka Kalelkar* : I was an anarchist, as you might say. I would call myself a revolutionary, and I knew that unless there was an armed revolt India could not be free. And then Gandhiji came to Santiniketan. It was in 1915. He was comparatively free, he had plenty of time, so for a full eight days I almost plagued him with questions—questions about spiritual living, questions about religion, questions about literature, questions about education, and questions about the revolutionary movement. He said: 'Stay with me, see how I work and if non-violence appeals to you, you may take it, otherwise you're free to leave me. You're always free.' So I thought: 'Here is a man, who could guide me aright', and the more I talked to him and the more I saw his life—the first thing that influenced me was his spiritual urge within.

*Narrator* : But not for a man like Mr. Rajagopalachari.

*C. Rajagopalachari* : A new technique, that was the attraction. His sainthood and his good quality was an incident to that technique. You want a good man to use that new technique, and here he was. But that was not the point of attention. I had completely lost hope in the programme with the Congress so far as the moderates went, and I was an extremist. But I was also convinced that sporadic violence would produce no good results and—as to organised violence, it was an impossibility.

*Raja Hutheesingh* : Here was a man who seemed to offer an alternative by which we could rise from the ashes that we had been in.

*Narrator* : Raja Hutheesingh was a young boy at that time.

*Raja Hutheesingh* : I was a student in a school and Gandhi had just come back from Africa. There was something mystical and ethereal about his appearance at four o'clock in the morning on the prayer-grounds. First time I saw him at a prayer was at four o'clock in the morning. And I was very impressionable. I was moved to my very core. And I accepted immediately his tenets.

*C. Rajagopalachari* : At the same time—let me interrupt you—although people did not look at it from the normal point of view, that it is wrong to kill, and do all that, at the same time, human nature is human nature, they did not like it when a good man was killed, they did not like the look—the scene of a bloodthirsty crime, they didn't like it, but if it was necessary they didn't object to it, and that was not the reason why they preferred Gandhiji's plan, they preferred Gandhiji's plan because it was the only possible plan, and it looked efficient.

*Narrator* : But it wasn't acceptable all at once. It wasn't formulated all at once. There was also Gandhi's belief, both then and later, in the British connection which antagonised extremists.

*C. Rajagopalachari* : He believed that complete freedom was possible with British connection, as he knew thoroughly about Australia and Canada and South Africa specially. His main campaign then was the campaign against the technique of violence. Let me tell you that it was Gandhiji who killed the terrorist movement in India and not the British.

*Narrator* : Believing that freedom and responsibility went together, Gandhi was in those days helping to raise recruits for the Empire at war. Acharya Kripalani was with him.

*J. B. Kripalani* : I was with him, but I left him for the time being, when he was engaged in recruiting, because I could not follow his arguments about recruiting. First of all because he believed in non-violence, and I could not square the two things, you see, recruitment and non-violence.

Another thing was I was too anti-British to think in terms of recruitment. I didn't mind his explanation. He explained it that he said that he wants only those who believe in violence to recruit themselves ; if they want a particular position in the Empire as free citizens, then they must first do their duty in an emergency before they claim their rights. I could quite understand the logic of it but I was not very anxious to be in the Empire (*laughs*).

*Narrator* : For the first year in India Gandhi had promised Gokhale that he would make no political speeches but travel about the country to educate himself. He broke the silence, when the year was over, at a brilliant gathering, glittering with princes under the chairmanship of Mrs. Annie Besant, for the opening of the new Hindu University in Banaras. There were students in the audience also, among them Sudhin Datta.

*Sudhin Datta* : And then it came to Gandhi's turn and a little man got up, dressed very simply, and spoke without gesturing or anything like that—and, of course, one can't rely on one's memory to this extent, but I think he said that: 'It is wonderful that the Maharajas have made contributions which has made it possible for the Hindu University to be started, but if it still does not get going because of want of funds, it's very simple, the problem can be solved by the Maharajas leaving some of their jewels behind.' And then, of course, Mrs. Besant got up and said that Gandhi had exceeded his time, or something like that, to stop him from speaking, and he sat down ; and then all of us in the audience we started shouting. It was one of the stormiest meetings.

*Narrator* : It wasn't only the riches of the princes that Gandhi talked about on that outrageous occasion. He 'turned the searchlight all over'—those were his own words—on the dirty streets of Indian cities, and the habit of spitting, and rudeness in railway-carriages, and the neglect of the agricultural classes, and fear and mistrust and violence. Things like this—not politics—were his first concern, his fundamentals. He meant to regenerate India by the life of the ashram that he had tried out in South Africa, and by the ideas and the influence that would flow from it. The place

he chose for his settlement was Ahmedabad, the city of mills where his own Gujerati language was spoken. The first site he was given there didn't last long. The second was Sabarmati, on the river bank. Glorney Bolton visited it some years later.

*Glorney Bolton* : Actually the ashram was a sort of a collection of huts built very simply, built without any sense of architectural design or anything like that ; and yet, there were so many trees round it, so many fruit trees, so many flowers, that the place looked extraordinarily beautiful. And it was on a very high river-bank. I think what impressed me so much was the contrast between the ashram—the natural instinctive beauty of the ashram, and on the other bank in the distance the great gaunt mills of Ahmedabad, which is so to speak the Manchester of India ; and you saw the contrast between the industrial life in India which the English I suppose brought into the country, and the very simple rural life, which Gandhi wanted his people to live. And I think he deliberately chose that spot, simply because of this contrast.

*Narrator* : This contrast—the hum of Gandhi's spinning-wheel on one side of the river, the dark, Satanic mills on the other—has produced endless argument. But as Reginald Reynolds remembers from talks in the ashram, it wasn't a clear-cut issue for or against machinery.

*Reginald Reynolds* : I always remember him pointing to his spinning-wheel and saying: 'It is quite wrong to say I don't believe in machinery. This is a beautiful piece of machinery.' But he judged all machines and in fact he judged every form of material progress by what it contributed or took away from life.

*Narrator* : Maurice Frydman used to argue as an engineer. But he was also an idealist, so Gandhi knew how to answer him. He told him it was the exploitation of man by machinery to which he objected.

*Maurice Frydman* : 'Therefore I want simple machines, not big monsters which nobody can possess.' He said, 'My ideal is a machine which anybody can have.' I personally feel that man comes first, and he also used to say: 'With me man comes first. What is good for man is good for

'Gandhiji ; what is not good for man is not good for Gandhiji.' But the difficulty arises in judgment, in the judgment what is good.' A certain amount of well-being is good—beyond that it becomes altogether bad. To know where to stop, to stick to the medium—to the middle way—is wisdom to him. We may consider that his standard of life, which he considered sufficient, is too low for us, but he takes the ascetic attitude, Hindu as he is, and bread alone, as far as material goods are concerned, is enough for him. He doesn't need anything more. So a little food, some clothing, a modest shelter is all that he asks for man, for his material being ; the rest he leaves alone. The civilisation built on his principles would be a very austere civilisation.

*Narrator :* There was certainly a mystical element in Gandhi's advocacy of the spinning-wheel. But it could also be seen, as Dr. Zakir Husain saw it, in terms of hard economic fact.

*Zakir Husain :* I don't think Gandhiji would have insisted on the spinning-wheel for all time. The point is that in the battle for industrialisation, which has certain complications, it would not be possible for us even to absorb our annual growth of population, so the problem of the population on the land would remain. Now given that problem Gandhiji came to the conclusion that if the compulsory idleness of these people could be made use of for some productive work by means of instruments that would not cost much, probably it would be a distinct economic help, and therefore he insisted on the spinning-wheel, he insisted on the handspun and handwoven cloth. With regard to the educated people and the people in the urban areas he insisted because he wanted them to identify themselves with the poor of the country. We're a country of castes, but no caste is so dangerous as the caste of the urban, monied people and the rural poor. That is the danger spot that Indian life can be disrupted like life in other countries and Gandhiji, at the start of political freedom wanted that thing to go, he wanted the élite, the intellectuals, the monied people to identify themselves in a visible way with the poor of the country. And that was his method.

*Narrator :* The remarkable thing was that Gandhi did

attract the monied people also, the mill-owners and industrialists. From the industrialist G. D. Birla, for instance, Gandhi got princely sums of money and much help. In 1916, Mr. Birla thought him a queer kind of leader, but he came to regard himself as Gandhi's son and to support many, though not all, of his activities.

*G. D. Birla* : In some, you see, I believed ; in some I did not believe. But whenever he wanted to discuss the merits of these things I told him : 'Don't go into the merits. I've got my own views. But I want to help you because I believe in good actions and good actions could be done only by good people.' Therefore I never hesitated to help him and I'd made it a promise to him that whatever he wanted, as far as finance was concerned, if it was within my reach I would never say no. And thank God that I never had the opportunity of saying no. He many times tried to give me accounts you see, even smallest details. But I was not interested.

*Narrator* : Birla helped Gandhi particularly in his great campaign for the Untouchables, the Harijans as he called them, children of God. Removal of Untouchability, hand-spinning, village uplift, basic education, the campaign for the Hindi language, all Gandhi's movements for national regeneration, his Constructive Programme, started in the ashram with its community bound by vows of sacrifice, first the Sabarmati ashram and in later years the ashram at Wardha in the centre of India. These were the means whereby Gandhi put himself in touch with the masses, so much neglected by the politicians. Often he was charged with throwing away opportunities of political action, particularly by the left-wing members of the Congress Party—one of whom, looking back now, sees the pattern more clearly.

*Village Worker* : Most of us frankly recognised that all this social welfare work created good-will which would give excellent political dividends, but Gandhiji did not take such a short-sighted view. To him these were the occupation therapy with which he hoped to correct psychological deficiencies of his people, which made them such easy victims of foreign rule. And this aspect of the Constructive Programme, as repairing psychological damage of an earlier age,

is a very important part which totally missed those whose eyes were rivetted upon political freedom in a very narrow sense of the word.

*Narrator :* Dr. B. C. Roy also takes a broad view of Gandhi's purpose.

*B. C. Roy :* Development of individuals with the development of society, that was the way in which he worked and that was the way which succeeded in the long run—and in fact if he had not laid down that fundamental principle, I do not think India would have been able to stand the strain of the first few years of independence.

*Narrator :* Few things in Gandhi's principles provoked so much argument, so much explanation, as those cardinal ideas of non-violence and truth—*ahimsa*. In the early days of the ashram at Ahmedabad, Gandhi often had to settle controversies and to prove himself more adaptable than his disciples. For instance, he allowed armed defence against marauders. And then there were the stray dogs, diseased and starving. Miss Slade—Mira Behn, the Englishwoman who gave up her life to be with him, and who always calls him Bapu, or Father, like his other intimates—Miss Slade listened to Gandhi's decision that to destroy the dogs would be no breach of non-violent principles. Dogs, yes—but a cow, in Hindu India? Miss Slade was in the ashram when the famous case arose of the calf, or young heifer, so sick as to be beyond treatment. Kaka Kalelkar was there too, and remembers the intense argument that developed.

*Kaka Kalelkar :* So he asked my opinion. I said, 'This is a serious matter, I must go to the cowshed myself, see the condition of the cow, otherwise how can I give my opinion?' So I went to the shed, I saw that the animal was ailing and struggling; so I gave my opinion, that the calf must be administered death.

*Mira Behn :* Bapu was very quiet. He felt it very much, but he was quite determined that this was the right thing to do. And Bapu stooped down and took the heifer's front leg, just as he would hold the hand of a patient, and the doctor put the injection through the ribs, and there was a spasm, and it died. Bapu didn't say a word, except he took a cloth and covered the heifer's face with it. And then in complete

silence he walked back to the ashram and went to his room and began his work. But in the press there was a regular hoo-ha.

*Kaka Kalelkar* : And the result was that the whole of Hinduism, all the people from one corner of the country to the other, they said: 'What is this—this man—man of religion—prepared to kill a cow?' And there was great controversy.

*Narrator* : And threatening letters. But Raihana Tyabji remembers that he took them lightly.

*Raihana Tyabji* : Bapu said to me: 'Look at this letter the postman has just brought. It has come from a Jain friend and the Jain friend writes: "Gandhi, you killed that calf. You killed that cow, and if I do not kill you in return, I am no Jain."' He laughed and laughed and laughed, but his day was full of little humorous happenings like that. He had a tremendous sense of humour. I think that that is what really kept him sane in the kind of life he led.

*Narrator* : We can only show that life in glimpses. And it was not only the endless preoccupations of the ashram. Again and again Gandhi travelled the length and breadth of India, showing himself in the countryside, spreading his ideas, forwarding his mass campaigns, collecting money for them. He was pleased to be called a prince of beggars. And one way of raising money, as Louis Fischer found on a later visit to Gandhi, was by selling his autograph.

*Louis Fischer* : I found a photograph in one of the huts, and I brought it to Gandhi, and I said—'My friend would like you to autograph this for him.' And he said: 'I'll do it if you give me twenty rupees for *Harijan*' (for his weekly magazine). And I said: 'Well, I'll give you ten.' And he accepted the bargain, and autographed it. I later told this to Devadas Gandhi, who is Gandhi's youngest son. And Devadas said: 'Oh, he would have done it for five.'

*Narrator* : Dr. Verrier Elwin sometimes travelled with Gandhi.

*Verrier Elwin* : It was an extraordinary experience to go third-class with Gandhiji, of course there was always a carriage cleared for him, but the third-class carriage in India is no form of luxury travel, and we would go into one of

\* these very small cubicles, with, say, four wooden berths in it, and often extremely hot ; and I would toss and turn on my berth all night, but he used to lie down and go off to sleep like a child without the slightest difficulty, of course he was used to always sleeping on the floor. The only trouble that used to happen was that at every station there would be vast crowds of people demanding his autograph, trying to see him, and the patience and the affection with which he greeted the crowds was really quite wonderful. \*

*Narrator :* Those crowds! During the Ahmedabad mill-strike of 1917, twenty thousand used to come to hear him every evening. The mill-owners in that dispute were led by Ambalal Sarabhai, the workmen by his sister Anasuyaben Sarabhai.

*Anasuyaben Sarabhai :* He used to talk to them every evening on the river banks and give them an hour and a half's talk every day. Twenty thousand workers used to collect every day. Ten thousand were on strike, and another ten or more would come to hear, listen to him on the river-banks. He used to narrate his experience in South Africa, and the value of non-violence and truth, and the strike which should be carried out with peace and love for the opponent. He stressed this point very much, that we should fight for the principles and not with the persons, and there should be no bitterness.

*Narrator :* Bitterness was kept out of that industrial struggle, or kept to a minimum. In the narrow, crowded streets of the mill-city, the violence that the authorities had prepared for was somehow avoided. Gandhi did a remarkable job of arbitration on that occasion, which was applauded in the end by both sides. But just before that, he had done something that proved even more significant. Over in Bihar, where he had gone to investigate the grievances of the peasants against the indigo-planters, mostly British, Gandhi was served with a notice to quit the district. He announced that he would not obey it, and he telegraphed for some of his lawyer-supporters, including Dr. Rajendra Prasad, who is now the President of India.

*Rajendra Prasad :* When I arrived I found that already the new thing was that there was no question of any lawyers ;

no question of how—no question of trying to wriggle out of the situation that was created. He defiantly said: 'Do what you like. I am here to take the consequences of my action which I have taken.' And naturally it had a great effect on the country. Because it was something new.

*Narrator :* What Gandhi expected of his friends was also something new—that they should get themselves arrested and follow him to gaol if he were sent there.

*Rajendra Prasad :* So at the moment we arrived, the question was: 'What are you going to do, supposing I'm sent to gaol tomorrow and the magistrate passes an order?' The two friends who had accompanied him before, we wanted to know what they had said. The question had been put to them. They said they had ultimately decided to say that they would follow him. And he was very happy, he said, well, we have won the victory in this matter now. And subsequently, of course, the case was withdrawn. But the point was there.

*Narrator :* Nobody went to gaol, but batches of them were ready, the first satyagrahis in India. It took most of the year to settle the case of the indigo-farmers of Champaran, but settled it was, and permanently, with Gandhi performing a classical experiment in his technique.

*Rajendra Prasad :* He had said that neither the planters nor the cultivators there should suffer; and that came literally true, because the planters were able to sell their holdings at a very good price, and the tenants were happy that they were able to get back their old holdings, which had been taken away by the planters.

*Narrator :* But it was not only the non-violence of the Champaran campaign that made people take notice. It was also the defiance—Gandhi's refusal to obey the magistrate's order to quit the district. In Ahmedabad, eighteen months earlier, a group of nationalist politicians, including Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, had thought it hardly worth while interrupting a game of bridge to meet the eccentric Mr. Gandhi. The late G. V. Mavlankar remembered how the same group, sitting in the same club, heard the first news from Champaran.

*G. V. Mavlankar :* That was the first individual satyagraha

in India, and as soon as the news came, Harilal shot up from his chair, jumped up and said to me: 'Mavlankar, here is a man, a hero, a brave man. We must have him as President of our Gujerat Sabha' (which was a political organisation). And Sardar immediately concurred. And as time went on we could all see that our way was wrong, morally, technically, from every point of view, and what he was advocating is absolutely the correct point of view. And we became converts out of conviction, not as a sort of political stunt or following just for the purposes of winning independence.

*Narrator* : It is hard to disentangle that sort of conviction from political expediency. But Pyarelal, Gandhi's secretary, admits of no contradictions.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : No, there was no contradiction between non-violence and his political goal because he wanted political independence for the least in the land. He said that the least, the weakest in the country, even the halt and the lame, must be able to enjoy the full measure of independence and the fruits of independence with the tallest. So it had got to be a battle which the weakest and the least could wage with equal success, and that was the moral battle, and therefore non-violence. Non-violence thus became the means as well as the end.

*Narrator* : So much for theory. But in practice, when he launched his first civil disobedience movement, there were bad cases of violence.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : That was an eye-opener to him. You see, he then thought—he said that it was a Himalayan blunder on his part, to have not seen before that people would misunderstand so grossly a thing which he thought was incapable of being misunderstood. It was a sort of lie in the soul, and he said: 'Till this lie in the soul is purged out I must not restart this Satyagraha movement.'

*Narrator* : So he retired to his ashram—as some people thought, a political back-number. It was for a personal, printed challenge to authority that he came before Judge Broomfield in the Ahmedabad trial.

*Sir Robert Broomfield* : He had started this course of agitation before the people were ready, and it had led to

terrible acts of violence in various parts of India. He certainly realised it at that time, and it always seemed to me at that stage in his career, he was not sure what line he ought to follow; and that he was by no means displeased to have a period in prison, shut off from the world, in which he could think things over and decide on his future course. What impressed me mainly about the trial was firstly the respect and affection with which he was treated by everybody there. That was one thing, and the other thing—his smiling appreciation of what he called the courtesy of the judge.

*Narrator :* It was Gandhi who turned gaol-going in India into an honourable action—in some cases even, though this he did not approve, a profession and a ladder to preferment. Every period that he himself spent behind bars produced a crop of anecdotes. At one time Kaka Kalelkar was his only companion, and he remembers the gaol superintendent telling Gandhi that he had represented to higher authority that the ordinary expenses of one hundred and fifty rupees a month were too little for so illustrious a guest of the government.

*Kaka Kalelkar :* Mahatma Gandhi smiled and said: 'But you're not going to get the money from England, you're going to spend out of the pockets of my own people and it is my money that you want to spend. I don't want you to spend more than thirty-five rupees on me.' He said: 'Please don't spend more because it is my money that you spend, it is my country's money and I don't want you to waste it.'

*Narrator :* They had a little garden in the prison for exercise and Kalelkar wanted to make a fire in it in the rainy season to dry things that he used in the garden.

*Kaka Kalelkar :* One day I broke a big twig to get their leaves. Gandhi became angry and I said: 'What do you mean?' He said: 'You can't rob the tree of all its leaves like that. You take only that much for fire, any leaves that you want, and that also you must apologise to that tree for robbing it of that much even. You can't even take away the leaves of a tree wantonly like that.' So his whole life, as I said, was alert and active and always watchful of the least little thing. And the whole day he used to spin, spin and

read the *Bhagavad Gita*, and study Marathi and writing his letters.

*Narrator* : For him there was never any question of inactivity in prison, nor would he allow it for those who were with him. When he was detained with his wife and several companions in the Aga Khan's Palace at Poona in 1942, he had books and newspapers, started indexing cuttings, and told Dr. Sushila Nayar to make a twenty-four hour programme and stick to it, in the expectation that they would be kept there for seven years.

*Sushila Nayar* : So he worked out a programme of studies with me in Sanskrit. He read the whole of the New Testament with me because he said: 'You may have read it, but you read it with me and it will be more meaningful.' Then while he used to spin I used to read out Bernard Shaw's plays to him, and I remember reading *Joan of Arc* to him and how he enjoyed it, particularly when, at the end, Joan says: 'Now I am a Saint and I can come back to life if you want me to,' and first of all the parson gets up and says—'For heaven's sake, don't'—and the King also says—'No, we don't want you'—and one is sometimes reminded whether he may not get the same reply from certain quarters today; this is how life went on in prison.

*Narrator* : In January 1924, after twenty-two months of that first six-year prison sentence, Gandhi was taken ill with acute appendicitis and was at once moved from Yervada Gaol to the Sassoon Hospital in Poona nearby. The British surgeon, Colonel Maddock, decided that he must operate immediately, and Gandhi agreed—and signed his agreement on a public statement of his own drafting, as a precaution against popular disturbance if he should die. He did not die, but when he had begun to recover he was released from his sentence. Gandhi was greatly impressed by his treatment at the Sassoon Hospital, but he didn't change his ideas about medicine and his preference for his own methods of one sort and another, which made it a rather tricky job being Gandhi's doctor. One of them was Dr. B. C. Roy.

*B. C. Roy* : Gandhiji himself, so far as his own treatment is concerned, was a very difficult person, because he had built up his body and mind in a way that the mind should control

the body—he tried to avoid therefore the use of any particular drug for the purpose of bringing about the cure, of any ailment without first of all attempting to see that he could not get the results with his own efforts.

*Narrator :* In 1925 Gandhi was affected by high blood-pressure. Dr. Roy sent another doctor to him to give him something that would ensure rest and sleep.

*B. C. Roy :* He was then very busy moving about and he was over-working and so on, so the doctor went there and he said: 'Doctor, what do you want me to do?' He said: 'I want you to take some medicine so that you can sleep.' He says: 'Oh you want me to sleep? Very well, give me two minutes' time.' So he just turned round and in two minutes he was fast asleep.

*Narrator :* That blood-pressure of Gandhi's rose and fell, as another of his doctors, Dr. Gilder, observed, in close relation to his thoughts and decisions.

*M. D. Gilder :* When he had to take an important decision, Gandhiji used to think over things very carefully, and during the time that he was thinking over them, his blood-pressure used to go up. He generally used to get up in the small hours of the morning, after he had heard everybody on it, and make up his mind—as he used to say, to listen to his inner voice, and once that mind was made up his blood-pressure fell. Whether the decision was acceptable to the general public or not, whatever the clamour of the public, he didn't move a hair. He was quite sure that he had made the right decision and his blood-pressure afterwards never moved a point.

*Narrator :* The question whether the drugs offered to Gandhi had been made in India or abroad also came to concern him. Once, much later, when Dr. Roy had to tell him that the recommended drug was foreign, another doctor pointed out that the soda bicarbonate he took morning and evening in his gargle was not Indian-made.

*B. C. Roy :* He was rather nettled, he didn't know what to answer, then he said to me: 'You have come here to treat me, from Calcutta. Will you treat the four hundred million of my countrymen free as you have come here to treat me free?' So that was a poser. 'So I said: 'No, I do not treat

'everyone free because unless I treat, I take money from some people, I can't afford to see other people free because I must live.' But I said to him, I said: 'Look, I have come here not to treat Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, but I have come here to treat the person, who to me represents the four hundred million people of India. And by treating him, I'm treating the four hundred million people of India.' He says: 'You're talking like a fourth-class lawyer: of a district court, give me the medicine, I will take it.' And that was the only time he took any medicine (*laugh*).

*Narrator*: Could anyone, even Gandhi, represent the four hundred million people of India? This was not just an idealistic concept or a matter of rhetoric. It was vital to the political question. Gandhi worked in his unique way for what he called the sanction of the masses. But the elements of cleavage represented by the Muslims of India and by the Untouchables of the Hindu caste system had to be dissolved. In September 1924, eight months after his operation for appendicitis, Gandhi undertook, in the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity, one of the most famous of his fasts. It lasted for twenty-one days. Later, in 1932, came the fast that ended only with the British Government's approval of the Yervada Pact on the position of the Untouchables. For his doctors, who were also his close friends and supporters, these periods of fasting were peculiarly anxious. Besides abjuring food, he would not take any sort of medicine.

*B. C. Roy*: No medicine, none except in this way that we—he used to allow bowel-washes to be given, and he used to allow massage and hot sponging to be given. But apart from that physical treatment, natural treatment, medicine he would not take.

*Narrator*: Nor would he take medical advice about the length of the fast.

*B. C. Roy*: No, no, no. He used to feel that God intended that he should fast; he was one of those men who believed in inspiration guiding the activities of an individual, and he wouldn't listen to anybody as regards the period of fasts that he would undertake.

*Sushila Nayar*: There was nothing very much we could do about it except to just keep a watch. You see, the philosophy

that Gandhiji had behind this fasting was a very important and very interesting philosophy also. He considered fasting to be the most potent weapon and the last resort which a satyagrahi could take up, the idea being threefold. Firstly, that while you fast naturally you are calmed down, you're soothed down, you are not aggressive, and you can sit and introspect: the position that I have taken up, is it wrong? If there is anything wrong about it then you can correct, you can change it. Secondly, it is a thing which is for self-purification: you pray for light, you pray for guidance, you pray for self-purification. And thirdly, of course, it is meant to soften opponent's hearts, through self-suffering.

*M. R. Jayakar :* But on many occasions, although perhaps not intended, it had the effect of a threat, a political threat. And I know many occasions on which it acted as a political threat, hastening the settlement on the wrong—on lines which a more detailed and quiet consideration would have deferred. And many people said that—that this is really a threat, Gandhi will die, what will happen? Now we can imagine what its effect will be on popular negotiations at the time.

*Narrator :* Dr. Jayakar thinks it's a personal question, and a difficult one. For Gandhi it was certainly personal, and it may be that some of the philosophy of fasting on which he wrote and spoke a great deal derived from his devotion to his mother. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur often listened to his stories of his childhood.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur :* He remembered scenes with his mother, and how the fact that she wasn't eating used to strike him on certain days, and he couldn't quite understand why she was fasting, and he'd not like it and he'd run round and round to see if the moon could be seen, or the stars could be seen, or something which would make her break her fast. Afterwards, of course, when he grew older, he realised why she fasted, he realised why she laid so much stress on religion and the fulfilling of religious rites. It wasn't purely a ritual with her, it was something that deepened her inner life.

*Narrator :* Fasting, as Gandhi undertook it, was something very special and personal. The self-discipline that he

required of his immediate followers was of another order: for a particular purpose, notably when he was training the party that was to march with him from Sabarmati to the coast to defy the Salt Laws. He had chosen this form of law-breaking because it involved a simple act which anyone could perform throughout the country in the great campaign for which it was to be the signal.

*Annada Sankar Ray* : He said this is a law which we must break in order to make it clear to the government that we are out to break the law. He did not choose any other object, but this very simple one, an object which at first seemed to many people was a childish madman's dream, but they did not realise what an amount of force it would release in the country after this march to Dandi from Sabarmati.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : He selected, I think, seventy-nine people to accompany him. The condition was that every one of those people should have fulfilled certain disciplines.

*Narrator* : The discipline took place at the Sabarmati ashram and it went beyond the normal ashram vows. No women were to be selected for the Salt March, but Mira Behn saw and shared in the period of training.

*Mira Behn* : That was a process of disciplining and hardening. I remember one ashramite who wasn't very fond of discipline. We all had to—every ashramite had to write a diary, which was given to Bapu, and this man had written in his diary—"What is one to do? Work, work, work." And that was his feeling. It was just, and that's what it was, everybody had to work from morning to night. I had a programme from four o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock at night, every minute was written down what had to be done.

*Narrator* : One of them, the writer Shridharani, still has his diary.

*K. Shridharani* : And that diary of mine is one of my proudest and most precious possessions. There are here and there some remarks by Gandhi that this is good or this is bad. You should concentrate more on this, and then on that. We had to register even our innermost thoughts in those diaries that we had to submit to Gandhiji every

evening. We could not use anything more than a mat to sleep on. Generally we slept out in the open, and there was one full moon night, and I felt like talking to the next man. At the morning prayer our leader reported two of us who had broken that rule to Gandhi. So Gandhi turned against us very nicely and sternly, and castigated us, chided us in front of others. The whole sermon in the morning was based upon the hackneyed lines of Tennyson—'Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die,'—or something of that sort. And Gandhi told us what are the duties of a soldier, and what you are supposed to do, and that you could never, never get away while breaking the discipline.

*Narrator* : The plan—the 'madman's dream'—was simple and dramatic. The slowly mounting propaganda was masterly. At the given signal Gandhi and his disciplined companions would set out from Sabarmati ashram on a twenty-four day march, to a small place on the sea coast called Dandi, by a route passing through three hundred villages. There on the seashore Gandhi would symbolically defy the Salt Laws by himself gathering a handful of salt. And after that, all over the country, his example would be followed. But first, the Viceroy must be notified of Gandhi's intentions and his reasons. A young English Quaker newly arrived at the ashram, Reginald Reynolds, was selected to carry to Lord Irwin in New Delhi a letter from Gandhi which began 'Dear Friend'.

*Reginald Reynolds* : I realised that Gandhi's use of me was symbolic—it was to show that this was not a matter of Indians versus British, but of principles. As a last minute effort at negotiation my journey to New Delhi was a failure. The night before the Salt March the ashram was crowded with visitors.

*Narrator* : Another Englishman, Glorney Bolton of the *Times of India*, had an interview with Gandhi that day. And the next day, March 12th 1930, the march began.

*Glorney Bolton* : And there was Gandhi, walking along, with his friends round him, it was a sort of terrific anti-climax. There was no cheering, no great shouts of delight, and no sort of stately procession at all, it was all rather, in

a sense rather farcical. However, this great march had begun, and in the evening I thought I'd go along this road on which Gandhi had walked, and see him at his first halt. I went along this very dusty road and passed one or two peasants, who saluted you in the way they always had. A sort of great social revolution had started, but it didn't affect the natural chivalry of the Indian. Eventually I came to a house with a large courtyard, I was amazed that a man as old as Gandhi had been able to walk so far in one day. But there he was, quite happy, with people round him, on the whole very quiet, but now and again you heard Gandhi would break out with that wonderful boyish laughter of his. He didn't know how the march was going to end, he didn't know how the sort of struggle which he had started was going to end, but none the less, there I was, seeing history happen in a strange sort of anti-climax way; something completely un-European and yet very, very, moving.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : All the time that we were marching to the seaside, the attention of the whole country was focussed upon this demonstration, or dramatisation of the idea of non-violent revolt.

*Narrator* : And not in India alone. Shridharani and another practised journalist, K. Rangaswami, know something of the methods of transmission that made the Salt March and its aftermath news all over the world.

*K. Shridharani* : By correspondents, because even those correspondents working for, say, at that time pro-British newspapers, they were all most of them Indians, and they kept us informed of practically every other. Wherever Gandhi moved, whether it was in a remote village, or outside in the jungle, it became a sort of hub of the country. He himself received many many telegrams from his colleagues, from his party workers, and letters.

*K. Rangaswami* : Yes, even in his messages he was very careful and was very touchy and he used to be upset if any newspaper took the liberty of altering even a word of what he wrote, because he used to insist as a pre-condition that his messages and statements should be published in full without the slightest alteration. He saw to it that he was never misquoted.

*Narrator :* According to Pyarelal, who was among the marchers, Gandhi tightened the discipline as the journey progressed.

*Pyarelal Nayar :* When we reached Dandi he camped there for seven days before actually the salt satyagraha was started. During those seven days we were to have no cooked food—there were no kitchen-fires there. So he said parched grain with I think half an ounce of fat in the form of ghee and perhaps four ounces or two ounces—I forget the exact amount of brown sugar. That was going to be our ration during that week ; and if anybody fell ill, or got dysentery—well, he got disqualified. On the prescribed day, in the grey of the dawn, he got up, took us all along with him to the seaside and first had his customary Hindu bath in the sea.

*K. Shridharani :* It was early in the morning, and Dandi is a very beautiful seashore. He just didn't go—he went to the water—always on the seashore, on the sand, there is, there are some deposits of salt left when the water has receded. So he just picked it up, a pinch of salt, and gave it to the next person who was standing by—I don't recollect his, or her name—and that was a symbol of breaking the Salt Act. Some photographers took pictures, and then later on there was a prayer, and then he went back to his work. And of course all the correspondents that were trailing us, especially trailing Gandhi, kept us also informed about what was happening in the country.

*Narrator :* What was happening after Gandhi had given the signal? India ablaze from end to end, was how the Congress papers put it. Civil disobedience certainly broke out on a large scale, in nearly every province, and apart from exceptional cases—notably the Chittagong Armoury Raid—it was conducted by Gandhi's non-violent methods, which made peculiar difficulties for the police. But the Government and Viceroy took a firm line. At least sixty thousand people were arrested, among them nearly all the Congress leaders, and on the night of May 4th to 5th, Gandhi himself. He had expected arrest, prepared for it, almost demanded it. When it came, rousing him from sleep in his hut under a mango-tree in a village near the seashore, it was under an

East India Company regulation of 1827 stating that the Governor of Bombay viewed his activities with alarm.

*K. Shridharani* : All of a sudden in the dark of the night they came, the policemen, and we were all excited ; the policemen were even more excited than we were. They were brandishing pistols and guns, thinking that there might be riots and all that. But in the midst of the excitement there was one man who was completely unmoved, and very quiet, and very self-composed, and that was Gandhiji. He asked the police superintendent to give him time to brush his teeth, and he brushed his teeth with a twig, like any other Indian, in the presence of the policeman and all of us ; he asked the police superintendent to read out the warrant. And he was behaving as if nothing extraordinary was happening.

*Narrator* : Little more than nine months later, on the afternoon of February 17th, 1931, something else was happening. And it was extraordinary. 'The seditious fakir,' in the famous words of Winston Churchill, was 'striding half-naked up the steps of the Viceroy's Palace, there to negotiate and parley on equal terms with the representative of the King-Emperor.' It was not by any means the first time that Gandhi had talked to a Viceroy. He had been received by Lord Irwin's predecessor, Lord Reading, and before that by Lord Chelmsford. He had met Lord Irwin himself. All the same, there had been a revolution. The historic significance is in those words—'there to negotiate and parley on equal terms'—and in the nature and name of the document that was signed after the talks had lasted on and off for fifteen days. It was a Pact—the Irwin-Gandhi Pact. The Earl of Halifax, who was then Lord Irwin, looks back over twenty-five years at that last important event of his Viceroyalty.

*Lord Halifax* : At some point, that I don't exactly recall, there were those on the Indian side who were always insistent that if only Mr. Gandhi and I were able to meet and talk and discuss things over, we should be able to clear a lot of the obstacles away and loosen the log-jam a bit. Well, after a good deal of thought and some doubt, I determined to see him, and accordingly the stage eventually got set for him. He paid a visit at my invitation to the Viceroy's

House and he came to my room. And at first, I suppose, on both sides, we were very cautious as to what we said, and conversation moved rather haltingly ; and then I don't quite know how or why but matters became a little easier.

*Narrator :* Mr. G. D. Birla, who more than once acted as a kind of unofficial ambassador, agrees that Gandhi started the talks with some suspicion.

*G. D. Birla :* During the first visit he came back highly impressed. I was in contact with Lord Irwin at that time, and I sent a message to him that the ice is broken, because the first thing that Gandhiji remarked to me was, after seeing Lord Irwin, 'He seemed to be a good man with good intentions.'

*Lord Halifax :* And Mr. Gandhi had a great sense of grievance that the police had been very rough and brutal and had misused their authority and so on—and he therefore wanted an enquiry into their conduct. And I remember saying to him that that didn't seem to me at all a good plan, because we were all pretty cross with each other already and if we had a roving enquiry into everything that happened in the last two years, obviously nobody would remember exactly what had happened and everybody would be concerned with cooking the evidence on both sides. I said we should cook on the police side and you'll cook it on your Congress side, and at the end of it all, we shall only be more cross with each other than we are now, and therefore we won't do anything at all. And so he laughed and he said, well, he couldn't deny that, but at the same time he must have some enquiry. Then I tried to tie him down to having an enquiry into particular incidents on a particular day in a particular place and I said: 'We might make a little sense of that.' Well, that wasn't any good either. 'He didn't think that would do and so I was in despair and I thought that the whole of our talks were therefore going to be wrecked and come to nothing and eventually, and feeling completely frustrated, and rather out of temper because—he—I thought he'd been very unreasonable—I said to him rather sharply: 'Well, now Mr. Gandhi, I'll tell you exactly whv I am not going to have your enquiry.' And so he pricked up his ears and I said: 'I have no guarantee at all

that even if we reach an agreement that you won't start Civil Disobedience again in six months, or twelve months time, and when you do, I want my police to have their tails up and not down.' And at that, his face lit up and he said: 'Ah, now Your Excellency treats me exactly like I was treated by General Smuts in South Africa. You do not deny that I have a moral case, and you have conceded that it is quite likely that the police have committed excesses. You also said that if they committed excesses it was probable that if Your Excellency, or I had been responsible, we should have committed excesses. Anyhow, you don't deny that I have a moral case. But you advance unanswerable reasons why you cannot meet it. I drop the demand.' And that was the end of that, after three days. And he made a very great impression on my mind—the strange way in which this persistent advocate of something that was quite impossible, administratively, was prepared to recognise that you had put the thing perfectly brutally to him. Well, that was interesting.

*Narrator* : In his own name and for his own unique reasons, Gandhi had dropped a demand which had been strongly pressed by the Congress Party. The talks ranged over all aspects of the situation, and every evening Gandhi walked back to his headquarters to the other task of arguing with his colleagues.

*Lord Halifax* : Well, when I was finishing my talks with Mr. Gandhi, we finished, I remember, at two o'clock on a Thursday morning, and at nine or ten o'clock he came back to me, and said that he had had a dreadful evening when he had returned to his ashram—that he had met other of his Indian friends and Jawaharlal Nehru had said that he had betrayed India and that he had—he, Jawaharlal, had wept on his shoulder, as Gandhi said that he had never wept when his mother died—over this tragedy of the betrayal of India, and the little man was quite upset with all that, and so I said: 'Well, don't be too discouraged because you happen to live on the spot, but in a few hours' time, I shall be getting furious cables from Mr. Churchill and others in England, saying that I have betrayed England, and therefore if he thinks I've betrayed England and your friends

think you've betrayed India, we are probably about right—in the middle.' So that cheered him up a little bit, and then he—he said there is another matter that I—on which I am bound to appeal to you.

*Narrator :* This was a matter of one man: a terrorist, Bhagat Singh, condemned to death for murder and concerned in other violence—patriotic, no doubt, but not Gandhian. His case had become a dangerous emotional issue. Gandhi pleaded for his life.

*Lord Halifax :* I said to him that, of course, I was not concerned to argue the rights and wrongs of capital punishment with him. It was merely my duty at that time to administer the law and if anybody deserved capital punishment under the law, I didn't suppose many people deserved it more than this Bhagat Singh had. And I said moreover it was unfortunate coincidence and concatenation of events because after we had finished last night—I had had to study his papers, the Bhagat Singh papers, and I had passed orders that I was not disposed to interfere with the course of justice and he was going to be hanged on Saturday, this being Thursday. And Mr. Gandhi said well, that was in the last degree unfortunate, because he had now to go off by train on Thursday afternoon to Karachi, where he was meeting this Working Committee or some such body of the Congress, and try to put our agreement across them. And if at the time that he was doing that the news came through that Bhagat Singh had been hanged, it would just blow everything out of the water. And what could I do about it? So I said well, I didn't think I could do anything about it. But—that as far as I could see there were only three things that anybody could do—one was to let the law take its course which was obviously very difficult, as he explained. The other was to let him off—that I couldn't bring myself to do. The third was to postpone it until after he'd got his thing through the Congress, which I thought would be a very dishonest thing to do, and I couldn't do that, and so he saw that and he then said: 'Well, would Your Excellency have any objection to my saying, when I get to Karachi, that I pleaded earnestly with Your Excellency for the young man's life? But that you did not feel able to

'grant it?' And so I said, yes, I wouldn't have any objection at all to his saying that, if he could also bring himself to say that he thought from my point of view that I had no choice in the matter. And so he thought for a minute, and he said, yes, he would say that. And on that understanding we parted and he went off to Karachi, and it all turned out exactly as he had anticipated—that people came to meet him and the news had just come through and they were outraged with him having been closeted with his butcher-Viceroy as they judged him to be and were very cross and I would say frightfully rough, physically rough with Mr. Gandhi. However, when he got his opportunity he said his piece, according to his understanding with myself and that was that. Well, therefore with—whenever people since then have said to me: 'Well, you could never trust Mr. Gandhi,' I've always quoted that thing to them and said that I personally felt I could trust Mr. Gandhi and I did trust him. And over and over again, in our talks I had said to him: 'Now, I am going to tell you something and if you let it out, my name is mud. It's finished. You've got to keep it to yourself. I'll tell it you in confidence.' Never a word to anybody came out of anything of the sort. Therefore, I have every reason to have great respect and regard for the name of that very remarkable little man.

### III

## GANDHI IN ENGLAND

*Narrator* : Crowds, crowds of people in the East End of London. Nothing very remarkable in that. But in the winter of 1931, in the neighbourhood of Bow, there were more police than usual among the crowds. Many more.

*Albert Docker* : . . . and outside these crowds of local women and men and children, and crowds, lined all round the streets that was blocked with police, column of police round the corner, and then a column of police was round the High Street, about two hundred yards from the Hall, and when he came out on the balcony. I did hear afterwards several people said to me that the women picked their corners of their aprons and wiping their eyes, saying: 'What harm can that poor little devil do?'

*Narrator* : What harm? Or what good? For this is in large part a story of failure. The federal constitution for India which was framed between 1930 and 1935, with patience, sincerity and hard work never got a chance of full operation. History overtook it. Nor did the attendance of Gandhi at the second session of the Round-Table Conference in London in 1931 bring any significant political contribution to the problem. Perhaps that was too much to expect. Sir Samuel Hoare, who was then Secretary of State for India and is now Lord Templewood, got on good personal terms with Gandhi and yet realised that the little man—

*Lord Templewood* : It was the fashion—a lot of the British to call him 'the little man'—

*Narrator* : —that the little man was talking a different language from the constitution-makers.

*Lord Templewood* : He wasn't interested in the Indian constitution. He took no interest in all these innumerable constitutional points we were making, and I think Halifax would bear out that in all the talks he had with him,

these points that loom so large here didn't interest him at all.

*Narrator* : It was Lord Halifax, as Lord Irwin the Viceroy, who had broken the deadlock after the big civil disobedience movement and thus made it possible for Gandhi to come to England for the Conference. Now his Viceroyalty was over, but he saw Gandhi unofficially in London more than once.

*Lord Halifax* : Yes—he used to come to my house and have a chat. He wasn't in the least interested in constitutions. He didn't know anything about constitutions. He was interested in the human approaches and quite personal things. It would have been difficult to have had the Conference and to have had Mr. Gandhi in open opposition to it in India. But I don't think it was either to his advantage or to the advantage of the Round-Table Conference having him there, except that it cast over the Conference a general aura of reasonable goodwill *vis-à-vis* the rest of India.

*H. N. Brailsford* : The Congress Party in India was really rather reluctant to let him go to London at all.

*Narrator* : H. N. Brailsford, who knew Gandhi well at that time, thinks that he left India without much hope.

*H. N. Brailsford* : And he himself went in—what was with him most unusual—a mood of pessimism and depression. I remember he said just as he was embarking that he went without hope, and feared he would come back with empty hands.

*Narrator* : In England the auspices were not of the best. While the attendance of Gandhi as Congress representative was still uncertain, the boat that was taking the other Indian delegates to London was sailing towards the great financial crisis of 1931. Before they landed the first Labour Government was out and an emergency National Government had been formed, with Ramsay Macdonald as Prime Minister and a Conservative at the India Office—Sir Samuel Hoare. During the London Conference Britain went off the gold standard and a general election returned the National Government to power. But the conference that had to struggle against these preoccupations, as well as with its own

problems, doesn't make the whole picture of Gandhi's visit —this return visit to the city where he had been a law-student more than forty years earlier, and learned dancing and elocution, and worn a nineteen-shilling top-hat, and joined a vegetarian club, and read the *Bhagavad Gita* for the first time in an English translation given to him by Sir Edwin Arnold. There is also—perhaps chiefly—the personal side: a chapter in the long story of Gandhi's relations with Britain and with British people.

*H. N. Brailsford* : Well, politically I should say it was a complete failure, as far as any immediate effect was concerned. But he must have left behind him the impression of a unique personality.

*Narrator* : On individual British men and women who had crossed his path, that impression had already been made. Western visitors to Gandhi's ashram in India—the Quaker Horace Alexander, for instance—were always struck by his consideration for them.

*Horace Alexander* : I do think that he was always specially concerned to make his foreign visitors at home and give special attention to them. I think he was interested in every country for its own sake, certainly not just in relation to India. He was fond of saying: 'I can't come to your country till I've achieved something in India.'

*Narrator* : In 1926 Miss Muriel Lester, at whose East End settlement Gandhi eventually stayed when he came to London, had met him in India and made a direct suggestion.

*Muriel Lester* : Just before I went I said straight out: 'Mr. Gandhi, will you please come to England?' And he was spinning—the usual great dignity and cordiality and politeness, but no more, he bowed his head and smiled and said: 'Thank you for asking me but I don't think I can come—I don't think I have anything to teach your leaders there.' And I said: 'Well, Mr. Gandhi, I wasn't thinking about your coming to teach them anything. I thought it would be a good thing for you to come and learn from them.' He burst into laughter.

*Narrator* : And then Gandhi, whether seriously or not, gave Miss Lester three conditions on which he might come to England—difficult conditions, the sort of test the hero gets

in the fairy-story. She was invited, in fact, to change British policy. Five years later it was still political considerations—but serious ones—that made Gandhi's journey to London for the Round-Table Conference uncertain. This was awkward for those who had to make the arrangements and those who were to accompany him—among them Pyarelal Nayar.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : Till the very last moment we had no intimation as to whether we were going, or whether we were not going. One day we saw in the papers that it had been decided that he was going. We had made absolutely no arrangements for the passage or for the gear that was necessary for us to gather for the voyage and for our stay in London.

*Narrator* : Gandhi had been in Simla, having talks with the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon. Those who were with him did some hurried purchasing and packing.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : In the meantime, when we found that he had actually started from Simla, we also began to collect things for ourselves because we were not sure whether those who were with him would have any opportunity to gather the necessary items for the journey. When we all assembled at the steamer, we found that each one of us had collected enough for all the rest. The bulk of it was, however, dropped at Aden and we proceeded with just moderate luggage to London.

*Narrator* : Gandhi's own luggage was as moderate as always. And while some of his companions had cabin-berths, he travelled as a deck-passenger—eating, sleeping, praying and working in the open.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : It didn't take Gandhiji very long to make friends with lots of children that were there on the steamer. They came and shared his food with him and sometimes engaged in sports with him. On one occasion a number of passengers came to him and asked him whether they could hold a dance on the deck where he used to sleep. 'Can we dance near you?' they said. He said, 'By all means, you can dance, not only near me but all round me so long as you don't dance *on* me.'

*Narrator* : There were press correspondents on the boat anxious for messages. A passenger, Prem Bakshi, has always remembered the simplicity of Gandhi's replies to them.

*Prem Bakshi* : A correspondent said: 'Well, sir, if you don't succeed at this Round-Table Conference, what is your next step?' Mahatmaji said, 'Well, I am a soldier and my aim is independence and if I fail I shall aim and shoot again until I get it.'

*Narrator* : He was just as direct to the industrialist, G. D. Birla, who travelled on the same boat, and had given much study both to the economic and political aspects of the Indian problem. Mr. Birla was surprised that Gandhi didn't have armies of secretaries with him and bales of documents.

*G. D. Birla* : I said: 'Now you are going in the lion's den, and you haven't got a big staff, you haven't got any literature. How are you going to behave, and how are you going to cope with this situation?' And he gave me a very simple reply which convinced me. He said: 'Look here, I am a rustic, a villager, simple-minded man. All I want to tell Sir Samuel Hoare is; I want freedom for India, no arguments. If they give me, I'll take it. If they don't give me, I'll come back.' You see, he always believed in what you may call open diplomacy.

*Narrator* : And when he got to London to his surprise and pleasure, Sir Samuel Hoare was ready to be open with him.

*Lord Templewood* : I thought the only way was to see him at once and to tell him exactly how far I could go and how far I couldn't go. But as a matter of fact, I didn't have to invite him to come to see me, because as soon as he arrived in London he himself asked whether I'd like to see him. I was delighted with the fact that he was so far forthcoming. It was a typical autumn day in London, there was rather a black fog, raining, cold wind, and there I was in my room in the India Office waiting for him. My Secretary of State's messenger, who was a very magnificent ex-Royal Marine Sergeant Major, covered with medals, threw open the door as if he'd been introducing the King, and in walked Gandhi, very bent up—toothless, he was one of those people who showed at once the fact that he was toothless—obviously terribly cold in this unpleasant autumn day in London. And I saw he was cold. I said: 'Well, let's go and sit down by the fire.' I could see him warming his knees, and gradually we started from there to talking about the fire, talking about

platitudes of various kinds ; and knowing that he was terribly interested in country life in India, I talked to him a good deal about country life here, and farming and so on ; and gradually we got thawed. I was a little bit afraid we might be going too far, and that he might be expecting things from me that I couldn't do. So I then said: "Well now, I'm just as anxious for complete self-government in India as you are ; but I tell you, we simply cannot do it in one bound. There is the large Conservative majority in the House of Commons—Baldwin and I together can get them a certain way, but we can't get them the whole way, and therefore I can't say here and now: "Have dominion status. You can have it." We've got to work up to it. But what you can rely upon me to do is to push it along as quickly as I can." And I spoke, I think, probably more than bluntly about it, because I could see at once that Gandhi could immediately detect any humbug in anything. He was very pleased with this.

*Narrator* : So pleased that he stayed longer than he had planned and was late for an appointment with H. N. Brailsford. But excited.

*H. N. Brailsford* : He came in great excitement and explained to me that he had just come from a long talk with Sir Samuel Hoare. 'And do you know what?' he said, 'That man has convinced me for the first time that Englishmen are honest when you talk about the benefits you've conferred on India.' Well, that was one of the lasting effects of his visit to England on Gandhi's own mind.

*Narrator* : The meeting with Brailsford took place five miles from the centre of London, at Bow in the East End, in the Kingsley Hall settlement where Gandhi insisted upon staying.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : He had particularly chosen to stay in the East End because he said he wanted to identify himself with the poor and because he had gone to the Round-Table Conference as the representative of the dumb millions of India.

*Narrator* : Other delegates found the choice eccentric and impractical, but for Muriel Lester it was something of a triumph.

*Muriel Lester* : Directly I heard he was coming to the Round-Table Conference I knew he wouldn't have forgotten

a word of what we had discussed together, because he has this extraordinary memory, and so I wrote at once and said: 'Now you're coming, don't forget this is the place where you'll be happy, Kingsley Hall. You'll find we live extremely simply, you'll find we have cell-bedrooms on the flat roof, little tiny places, you can have one of them and whoever you bring will be treated the same way and you will find that we have our days punctuated by times of prayer just as you have.' He wrote back and said: 'Of course I would rather be at Kingsley Hall than anywhere else in London, because there I shall be among the same sort of people as those to whom I've devoted my life.'

*Narrator* : So there he stayed, and with him his tall broad-shouldered secretary and close companion, the late Mahadev Desai, and his English disciple Mira Behn, in her hand-made sari, and his son Devadas Gandhi, and Pyarelal Nayar.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : The very fact of his stay there struck the imagination of all the East-Enders, and whenever he went out on his early morning walk the windows and balconies of the poor men's houses on either side of the street used to be crowded with eager people who wanted to have a glimpse of him and to bid him good morning.

*Narrator* : And they haven't forgotten him. The very first evening of his arrival at Kingsley Hall, there was one of their regular social gatherings there, what they call a 'joy night.'

*Muriel Lester* : Let's tell about that party. What can you remember about it?

*Martha Rollason* : Mr. Gandhi came in—he'd been out and went upstairs and came down into this joy night, so of course we was dancing, and as I saw him I got up, pat him on the shoulder and said: 'Come on, Mr. Gandhi, let's have a dance.' He said: 'I'm afraid I can't dance.'

*Muriel Lester* : He looked awfully pleased to be asked, I remember.

*Martha Rollason* : Yes, he was very, very pleased when I asked him, and I think he turned round to Muriel and said: 'You'll have to teach me to dance.'

*Muriel Lester* : Yes he did. (*Laughter*)

*Pyarelal Nayar* : He said: 'Yes I shall certainly dance',

and then pointing to a stick in his hand he said: 'This shall be my partner.'

*Muriel Lester*: But what about when he came to your own house?

*Martha Rollason*: Oh, I was out shopping on a Saturday morning, round the road. I came back, see crowds outside the door of children. And of course I left my own indoors and then I thought to myself—'Oh, something's happened—there's a fire or something.' Of course, when I goes upstairs I see Miss Lester and Mr. Gandhi looking at the place. And the children outside boozing and hollering with joy: 'Come along, we want you downstairs.' So, of course, I came in with my shopping. I put the stuff on the table. Mr. Gandhi picked up a loaf, said: 'How much was this?' I told him fourpence-ha'penny. So he says: 'Fourpence-ha'penny for bread?' I said: 'Yes.' Then I had sugar; he asked me the price of the sugar. And of course when he went downstairs I had crowds and crowds round the door, you'd think it was a proper bonfire night, and everybody was happy and they said: 'Ain't he lovely?' (*Laughter*)

*Albert Docker*: My memory always gives me that he was the most very intelligent and understanding man, that other people who never, I don't suppose, ever see him or heard of him, or troubled to hear of him, didn't think for one moment that he was just because of his colour. There was something exceptional about him that I'd have liked half of his characteristics, and I remember that he could chat with you, give you an autograph that I was in demand for from the younger folk round here who knew I was in close contact and, at the same time, still continue with his portable spinning-machine.

*Muriel Lester*: He loved our nursery school—all the children were under five. They called him Uncle Gandhi and they were sad to see he had no socks on and they used to try to make him wear warmer clothes, and on his birthday they gave him quite a lot of little toys: a woolly lamb, I remember, and a little doll's cradle, and a few other things.

*Ida Barton*: The very first day Mr. Gandhi came to Bow, the next morning washing had to be done and they hadn't anywhere to dry it. So they came over to me as I happened to be one of Mr. Gandhi's closest neighbours at that time of

day. And I happened to take my clothes-line down and to lend it to Miss Slade that used to do Mr. Gandhi's washing. Well, in the end it finished up that I was to do the washing, and so with all our police force outside during the time guarding the building where Mr. Gandhi was staying, I said that it was no use you guarding Mr. Gandhi if you didn't guard the clothes-line, with all the washing hanging up. And thereby I happened to be the washer-woman for these three months for Mr. Gandhi and Miss Slade and Devadas.

*Muriel Lester* : Were they pleased with it?

*Ida Barton* : Yes, yes, quite, yes—very nice washing, in fact it didn't really want doing it was so white, it was beautiful.

*Muriel Lester* : And do you remember how they used to talk about his goat's milk?

*Ida Barton* : Oh yes, yes he lived on his goat's milk. People used to laugh about that. Oh, an incident I remember quite well, I think it was on the Monday night. It was a nice evening, early autumn—whole crowd of people outside my door and I happened to go to the door. The policeman came up and he said: 'You can't stand there, ma.' And I said to him: 'Why not, I pay rent for this house. I will stand here.' But I had to get off my doorstep for the best thing I could do as I happened to be a friend of Mr. Gandhi's.

*Muriel Lester* : And then one day he heard that there was a man down the street, who couldn't come out and talk to him, because so many people came and talked to him. This man was sort of eaten up by rheumatism and always had to sit in the chimney-corner, so of course there was no doubt about it at all, Gandhi must go and call on him. He went round to the local hospital, do you remember—because he'd heard there was a blind man in it who wanted to see him?

*Ida Barton* : Yes, he was a very nice personality. Soon as, if you happened to walk up one of the turns you saw the bright lights turn in to it you'd say: 'Oh, Mr. Gandhi's car', and then it would come flying along and Mr. Gandhi would be sound asleep in it where he'd be tired out from his day's work.

*Narrator* : And with him always—tired too, no doubt, but not asleep—the two detectives, Sergeant Rogers and Sergeant

Evans, between whom and Gandhi there developed a curiously warm friendship. Gandhi probably realised that theirs was no light assignment, especially in regard to his habits of early rising. He used to get up at four a.m. as in India, for his own prayers, then desire to sleep again for an hour, and then join in the Kingsley Hall prayers at half-past five. After that there was the morning walk through the East End streets.

*Muriel Lester* : Sometimes a whole crowd of very small children would tease their mother week after week until she allowed them to come these very cold mornings, and I shall never forget their rosy faces like apples, and the big red scarves round their necks, but he was delighted and took his walk with them. Then he'd get back at half-past six and I remember as we were nearly home one day, from the walk I said : 'Oh, we shall soon be having bath and a breakfast, what joy!'—because it was rather cold. And he corrected me in his quiet way—he said : 'We may look forward to the bath.'

*Narrator* : On those early walks, always, there were Sergeant Evans and Sergeant Rogers.

*Albert Docker* : They used to come back wiping their brows with the sweat, trying to keep up with Mr. Gandhi. It was a marvellous way, the way he did step out and make them actually run.

*Narrator* : Sometimes a visitor would come to share a night at Kingsley Hall, and the prayers, and the morning walk. The sculptress, Clare Sheridan, did so once.

*Clare Sheridan* : I shall never forget the cold and it was rather foggy and Mira Behn came and wakened me at three and brought me into his cell and there were just she and I and the Mahatma and his Hindu disciple, and they put the light out, they opened the door onto the roof, and this queer blue misty night came through and this wonderful Hindu chant, whatever the prayer was I don't know, but it was extremely beautiful and very impressive.

*Narrator* : Mrs. Sheridan also remembers the detectives on the walk.

*Clare Sheridan* : The detectives, who seemed on very friendly terms with him, followed us. I heard them, their heavy footsteps behind us, panting—for Gandhi walked

extremely fast and it was very curious because the night was foggy and he was the same colour as the night, so all one was pursuing was a white garment that went very quickly in the middle space in front of one. However, I caught up with him and I managed to have a rather breathless, interesting talk with him—mostly on religious things.

*Narrator :* Gandhi made his mark on the East End, but at St. James's Palace one hundred and eleven other delegates were debating the future of India. Could anyone take him at his true significance? Brailsford thinks, very few.

*H. N. Brailsford :* He had to compete with the Princes, who had also made their tremendous impact, with their glittering uniforms and their diamonds and all the rest of it, made their tremendous impact on the romantic imagination of the country, and then there were the liberal lawyers, brilliant orators, brilliant talkers, really most distinguished minds: and yet they couldn't—not one of them could have won a single constituency in a general election. And as for the Princes? Well, it turned out afterwards, when India did get her independence, that nothing was easier to deal with than any resistance that might have come from them. So that this little figure, this half-naked saint in his blanket, really counted for more than all these glittering princes, and all these brilliant lawyers. And the trouble was that I doubt if many of us understood that. Certainly the average politician did not.

*Narrator :* One of the brilliant Indian lawyers who were trying to guide the conference to success was the late Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. Another was Dr. M. R. Jayakar. Dr. Jayakar was friendly with Gandhi personally, but in politics he found him too emotional, and impractical. He had wanted to get him to London for the first session of the Conference.

*M. R. Jayakar :* He would not come in the earlier days. He refused to come. At that time we had the whole of England—if I may use that expression—at our feet. Gandhi's name was behind us, Sapru and I tried our best to get him. He did not come. Later on he came, but his extreme doctrines produced no impression upon the British delegates. We all desired Dominion status. We were for

› Dominion status at that time, Gandhi was for Dominion status but he claimed it in a manner which was different from the experience of England. First time he had gone to England after many, many years. And he would have captured the British people, but unfortunately his notions were regarded as very crude.

*Narrator* : And not only by the British. Sir Samuel Hoare, trying hard to prevent him from leaving London suddenly in a fit of disillusionment, often felt that Gandhi was acting as an irritant on other Indian delegates.

*Lord Templewood* : Gandhi was so intent upon these three principles upon which he was working, that he paid no attention to anybody else, and would occasionally fire off a great speech, saying over and over again what he said before to the growing irritation of the rest of them. I remember particularly one night—when we'd had a rather difficult day with various things—he started, I think it was eleven in the evening, with one of these speeches, saying exactly what he'd said before over and over again, irritating the Depressed Classes and the Muslims each time, but so intent upon all this that he didn't realise the effect of what he was saying upon them. And the result was that so far as the Round-Table Conference went his part in it was an irritating part, rather than a constructive part, but I was so convinced that he was a great man, and I admired so much many of his qualities that I went on trying to prevent a break.

*Narrator* : The cracks were obvious enough. There was nothing new in the Muslim pressure for separate electorates, but with federation under scrutiny, one minority after another made the same demand.

*H. N. Brailsford* : Yes, he put it—"They went into the Conference Muslims and Sikhs and Untouchables, and they came out of it Muslims and Sikhs and Untouchables. And never at any moment was the Indian nation there." He felt that he was there almost alone as the representative of the Indian nation.

*Lord Templewood* : Gandhi would say to me time after time: 'Congress alone represents political India. It's no good your dealing with any of these other people.'

*H. N. Brailsford* : He once put it in this way, that he represented eighty-five per cent of the Indian people. Well, that was a bit of an exaggeration, because he never did represent more than a mere fraction of the Muslims. But when it came to the rest, Hindus and Sikhs and even Untouchables, then his boast was correct.

*Narrator* : It was, at all events, sincere. Most deeply of all, he felt the cause of the Untouchables to be his own. Brailsford had some private talks with him about this.

*H. N. Brailsford* : He spoke with a passion that meant, I think, that he was suffering under a terrible sense of vicarious guilt. He knew how abominably his people, the Hindu nation, had treated these outcasts; and he was determined, just for that reason, that it should be his people, the Hindu nation, that put matters right.

*Narrator* : Gandhi's own attempt to put matters right was at that time a new campaign, a new passion. Dr. Verrier Elwin was with him a few months earlier in India, almost at the start of things.

*Verrier Elwin* : Yes, that was in 1931, and when I went with him to a temple which belonged to a leading mill-owner in Ahmedabad, and Gandhi took a party of Untouchable children into the temple. I still remember the faces of the orthodox priests when this happened, they didn't like it at all, but afterwards Gandhi had a meeting and in the course of it he said that in future the Untouchables should be called the Children of God, the Harijans, by which name they've been known ever since.

*Narrator* : But there was a new and formidable face at the Round-Table Conference. Dr. Ambedkar, born an Untouchable, had pulled himself up by his own gifts and character, and didn't want any caste Hindu to do penance for him.

*B. R. Ambedkar* : Give us a separate electorate, you see.

*Narrator* : Ambedkar was direct and implacable. Even afterwards he never changed towards Gandhi.

*B. R. Ambedkar* : All this talk about Untouchability was just for the purpose of making the Untouchables drawn into the Congress, that was one thing, and secondly, you see, he wanted that the Untouchables should not oppose his

movement of *Swaraj*. I don't think beyond that he had any real motive of uplift.

*Narrator* : But Gandhi's motives were strong enough, after he had gone back to India, to be tested in the great fast at Poona. He was prepared for it, Pyarelal remembers, amid the conflicts of the London Conference.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : He said he would not sell the vital interests of the Untouchables even for the sake of India's independence, but he knew that separate electorates were not good for the vast mass of Untouchables. He said, therefore, that he would resist it even if he were alone, with his life. At that time again nobody thought what it would ultimately result in.

*Narrator* : The problem of the Indian States, as Gandhi saw it, was quite different, and much less acute. Sir Mirza Ismail, who attended the Conference as Dewan of Mysore, thinks that Gandhi did not want to eliminate the Princes.

*Sir Mirza Ismail* : He only wanted them to allow their people to rule themselves. And the Princes would have continued as constitutional heads of the States. That is exactly what people like myself wanted to be done. I think if he had lived he would have preserved the Indian Princes. That's my own feeling.

*Narrator* : The ruler of one small State, Auṇḍh, in later years sought Gandhi's advice in framing a liberal constitution. The ruler's son, Apa Pant, remembers how Gandhi asked for what he called 'the final sacrifice.'

*Apa Pant* : The idea behind our mind's eye was to get a decent, good constitution which would enable the people to have better schools and better food and all that sort of thing, a sort of Welfare State ; and the head of the State would be sort of *pater familias*, the Rajah. Gandhiji sort of put the whole thing upside down. He said in fact that the Rajah was not a *pater familias*, but he was the servant of the people.

*Narrator* : Brailsford found Gandhi's attitude to the Princes oddly mixed.

*H. N. Brailsford* : Most of the abler Indians, Indian Nationalists with whom I had discussed the matter, regarded the Princes as perhaps the chief obstacle to the winning of independence. Gandhi never took it as seriously as that. His

attitude seemed to me an oddly mixed one. On the one hand, there were traces of something almost like affection in his mind towards the Princes, and that was mixed with contempt. I remember one phrase he used in talking of them. He said: 'They're British officers in Indian dress.'

*Narrator* : The position of the Princes was one of the subjects on which Gandhi was tackled by a group of Indian students at the time of the Conference, among them Hutheesingh and Dr. Ashraf.

*Raja Hutheesingh* : We were about a dozen young boys, drawn both from Oxford and London and Cambridge ; all of us were Socialists and inclined to Communism at that time, and we talked to Gandhi how he thought the poor man in India would have a better chance.

*K. M. Ashraf* : I asked Gandhiji: 'Are you going to support the Princes against the people, or are you going to support the people against the Princes?' Gandhiji thought for a little while and he said: 'No, I shall be with the people if the people are non-violent, but I shall be certainly opposed to the people if they take to any violence.' My friend immediately blurted out: 'Gandhiji, it's not a fair answer to give!'

*Raja Hutheesingh* : We talked rather as young students are apt to, more theoretically, and we tried to push Gandhi into a corner so that he would admit what he was actually driving at was to support the capitalists and the rich, but I felt that we had pushed him into a corner because—I mean it was not even economics, you see, he talked utter rubbish. That is what I thought at that stage.

*Narrator* : In spite of all these conflicts there were occasions when the unique prestige of Gandhi made itself known. Clare Sheridan went to a big reception at the Carlton Hotel, attended by the Princes and the other delegates, by Ministers and M.P.s, Ambassadors, and in fact, everybody who was anybody. But not by Gandhi—or rather not at first.

*Clare Sheridan* : There was a buzz of conversation—suddenly it stopped and I looked, everybody looked in the same direction, and there was the little Mahatma silhouetted in the doorway. He wouldn't come into the ballroom, he just stood in the doorway, and everybody went forward and talked

to him, the Maharajahs in a very deferential way went forward to greet him. He never came into the room and then he just disappeared like a ghost. He wouldn't consent to join a big worldly party.

*Narrator* : Clare Sheridan had come to know Gandhi by seeking and getting permission to model a portrait of him at No. 88, Knightsbridge. Glorney Bolton remembers this house when Gandhi used it as a daytime headquarters.

*Glorney Bolton* : As you know he was living in Kingsley Hall at Bow, but that was a long way away for the many people who wanted to see him, and so he had taken a small Georgian house in Knightsbridge, which has since been pulled down. It was very odd to see him there, because it really was an eighteenth century Georgian house. The first time I called on him I had to wait for about a quarter-of-an-hour, and I read the only book in the room there was to read, it happened to be Burke's *Landed Gentry of Ireland*.

*Clare Sheridan* : I arrived with all my paraphernalia at this house in Knightsbridge. At first he thought that I was Lady Scott, and then when I said: 'No, my name is Clare Sheridan', he said: 'Ah yes, you are a cousin, then, of that man who doesn't wish to know me, Winston Churchill. He refused to meet me.' He said: 'You must tell him, tell him from me, you say that now you've met me that I'm not as bad as reputed. And will you tell him that I'm sorry I can't talk with him, but I have very kindly feelings towards him.'

*Narrator* : It was an endless and varied stream of visitors, among them Gandhi's old friend the Rev. C. F. Andrews.

*Clare Sheridan* : First of all there was Andrews the missionary, who came and knelt by his side and said: 'Don't forget there's a reception by fifteen Anglican bishops and the Bishop of London is coming specially to meet you. It is at seven o'clock.' So Bapu stopped his spinning for a moment and said: 'Well, what about the seven o'clock prayer?' 'Well,' Andrews suggested, 'supposing we do it before, or afterwards.' So then Gandhi thought for a moment and he said: 'No, we'll do it in the car on the way.' But the thing uppermost in his mind was evidently seven o'clock prayers; not in the least, I don't think, impressed by the fifteen Anglican bishops who were going to wait for him.

*Narrator* : Another interview, with the editor of *The New Statesman*, began with Gandhi somewhat on the defensive.

*Clare Sheridan* : Now the Englishman had very precise arguments. There was mention of course of Moham-medan-Hindu intolerance, and in reply to the eternal argument that they would cut each other's throats if the British left them to it Gandhi said: 'It's curious,' he said, 'the biggest fights have occurred in those places where the British have the largest garrisons.' To which the Englishman said: 'But you must admit that if we abandoned—totally abandoned India, there would be chaos.' 'Yes,' said Gandhiji, 'at first there might be, but you in England are wrestling with very great problems of your own. Why shouldn't we muddle through by ourselves, without you?'

*Narrator* : Gandhi's famous custom of paying attention to everybody and to even the smallest matter was not quite invariable, it seems.

*Clare Sheridan* : Well, he was a little bit short with one or two people. There was a Mr. Green who arrived. I felt rather sorry for him, because Mr. Green said: 'Good morning, do you remember we met and talked in South Africa?' Whereupon Gandhi said: 'I remember South Africa, but I don't remember you, Mr. Green.' So he said: 'Don't you remember the garden of the hotel in Durban?' And Gandhi said: 'I was in a hotel in Durban, but I never went into the garden for the simple reason that as I was a Hindu they only tolerated me in the hotel in my room, and I wasn't allowed to go near the garden. But that is of no interest. I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Green, but I wouldn't like to keep you if you're in a hurry.' (Laughter) Poor Mr. Green retired very discomfited.

Then there was an American girl who begged him to come to the United States. And he said: 'Well, from what I hear, America isn't at all ready for my message.' 'Oh,' she said, 'That isn't so. I assure you Mahatma, that everybody in America is crazy about you.' So the Mahatma looked at her, twinkling his eyes, and said: 'My well-informed friends tell me that I wouldn't even be a nine-days' wonder. After twenty-four hours I'd be relegated to the zoo.'

*Narrator :* Horace Alexander remembers another attempt at this time to tempt Gandhi to visit America.

*Horace Alexander :* It was just in the very early days of trans-Atlantic telephone conversations, and some American friend of his rang him up all across the Atlantic. Well I'm sure that the fact that the man rang him up all the way from America just seemed to Gandhi a fantastic extravagance and it didn't have the slightest effect on him.

*Narrator :* But he was persuaded, somehow, to broadcast for an American company, a sixty-minute talk in which he made a frank reference to India's humiliating divisions. He also received Charles Chaplin and had a long talk with him. Chaplin saw him at Bow. Bernard Shaw saw him at Knightsbridge. There was a nice regulation of the appointments. But sometimes Gandhi sought people out, elsewhere. Jan Smuts, who was in England to preside over the British Association, for instance. Pyarelal went along a little before the appointed time, one wet and windy evening, so as to ensure that the two should not miss each other; and Smuts was in a reminiscent mood.

*Pyarelal Nayar :* He said: 'These people do not know. I have fought this man for twenty years. I know what's what. Ultimately they have got to settle with him. He is the only man who can deliver goods.' While we were having this conversation, Gandhiji arrived and General Smuts broke out: 'This man gave me more trouble than anyone else.' Gandhi said: 'Well, I don't know,' and then put in: 'You gave me more trouble, perhaps, than I gave you.'

*Narrator :* It became a very cordial meeting. Smuts returned to Gandhi a pair of sandals which Gandhi had given him when he left South Africa seventeen years before, saying that he had worn them ever since. And he also promised to help Gandhi as much as he could in his troubles with the conference, even to the length of seeing the King.

*Pyarelal Nayar :* He said: 'If I find that I can be of help to you I shall continue to stay on here, but if I find that I cannot be of help to you, then I shall leave the shores of England.'

*Narrator :* And there was Gandhi's own interview with King George V, a meeting that has become legendary. The

man who can speak with authority on it is Sir Samuel Hoare—Lord Templewood.

*Lord Templewood* : King George V regarded India with a very special interest. And I had really some difficulty in persuading him to see Gandhi. There was tremendous feeling then. It's difficult to realise it now. There was a series of outrages upon a whole number of excellent and loyal people—Indian Police Commissioners and so on ; and he felt that terribly. And well, then there was the case of Gandhi. Supposing Gandhi were asked to go to the Palace, would he go there?

*Narrator* : He would go there, but what would he wear?

*Lord Templewood* : Those were the days in which people only went to the Palace in tail-coats and so on. And King George started by saying: 'Well, anyhow, how can you expect me to have Gandhi with his naked knees, in sack-cloth?' Anyhow he got over that, and I stood by, rather wondering what would happen, putting in a word or two at the right time, and with all the rest—all the other members of the Round-Table Conference, they were all there as well, all watching us, like anything. And it did go well. But then at the end King George V, who was a terribly conscientious person—rather like my interview with Gandhi at the beginning—he wondered whether he'd gone a bit too far, do you see. And he said: 'Well, anyhow, Mr. Gandhi, you remember I can't have any attacks upon my Indian Empire.' And Gandhi, who was a wonderfully good diplomat—apart from that had wonderfully good manners—turned it away by saying: 'Well, your Majesty, I mustn't enter into a political argument with you when I have received your Majesty's hospitality.' And it all ended very well. And it was an example of the attractiveness of Gandhi's personality.

*Narrator* : What—if anything—was he trying to do with that personality? What did all these interviews mean—apart from the royal interview? Was he consciously trying to advance his cause in a popular way, outside the conference?

*Lord Templewood* : I don't think while he was here he was trying to do any propaganda at all. What did happen—a lot of people who bored him stiff got hold of him, put into

his mouth all sorts of things that he really wasn't interested in.

*Narrator* : One of those who didn't bore him stiff, H. N. Brailsford, tried to get out of his head the idea of concentrating his attention on the poor, the workers, the people of the East End.

*H. N. Brailsford* : Yes, I did, I wished him to go and talk to the unions, if he could manage it, at Oxford and Cambridge. And when I put that sort of thing to him he would reply, well, he preferred to begin with the workers, and he thought that any impression he made on them would percolate upwards. All the same he did, after all, go to Oxford and he spoke, I think, to the students in the London School of Economics. And I can remember one of the most interesting evenings I ever spent, when Gandhiji sat on a table in a crowded room, full of authors and journalists and intellectuals, and we plied him with questions. And I have never met in my life a man who could answer them with such sympathy, never evading a difficulty, never trying to conceal his meaning.

*Narrator* : He did go to Oxford, but not to speak at the Union. He went on several week-end visits and had long talks with a group of dons. The late Edward Thompson was one of them. Professor Gilbert Murray was another. Edward Thompson found Gandhi to be a Socrates in argument, but couldn't help reflecting that Socrates also had his mysterious daimon, and that in the end the Athenians could find no answer but the cup of hemlock.

*Gilbert Murray* : I think that's very apt indeed. There was something that you could never quite touch, something that finally influenced him. And you could feel a sort of goodness about him. On the other hand, like other saints who've taken to politics, he was an extremely astute politician, and you had a feeling that you were up against somebody, whose—I don't like to use a harsh word—but whose wiliness or whose ingenuity would be much more than a match for that of any ordinary European.

*Narrator* : Gilbert Murray recalls that the conversation usually began with politics and the Conference.

*Gilbert Murray* : Then we did get on to other subjects, certainly, but I didn't get the feeling that he was wishing

to influence us, in particular. We were mostly badgering him. About the conversations I get one or two clear impressions. First of all he was a delightful companion, very humorous and perfectly good-tempered always. If you talked to him he was essentially reasonable. And we all, I think, had the same sort of impression that Gandhi had a tremendous position as really the leader of his whole country. And I think he saw that he would imperil that position and perhaps lose it if ever he clearly said 'Yes' to England. Just as De Valera would in Ireland. You're all right as long as you don't say 'Yes' to England. So, he would talk reasonably and apparently agree with one's general position, but if you wanted him to say something definite he always eluded it.

*Narrator :* On the other hand, Dr. Jayakar and other Indian delegates were worried that Gandhi was much too definite in some of the things he said on week-end visits.

*M. R. Jayakar :* We often told him: 'Don't make political speeches, Mr. Gandhi, during the week-end—it causes trouble because the rest of the week has to be spent in explaining what you said.'

*Narrator :* In the late Lord Lindsay's room at Balliol, with others present, Gandhi at one week-end remarked that he would be satisfied with full autonomy in the provinces in India, without a corresponding change at the centre. On the Monday the Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald, called Jayakar and Sapru and others to dinner at the House of Commons.

*M. R. Jayakar :* He took out of his pocket a report of the speech which Gandhi had made. It was an unguarded speech to say the least.

*Narrator :* At midnight it was decided that Jayakar and Srinivasa Sastri should drive out to Bow to see Gandhi himself.

*M. R. Jayakar :* We climbed up to the seventh floor, dreadful cold, middle of December. This old man was sleeping in the open, in that dreadful cold, the poor man's approximation; he had clothed himself with a mattress or a bit of blanket. Sastri shook him up: 'Gandhi, did you make this speech?' And he woke up. 'Yes'. 'What did

'you mean by saying the provincial autonomy would be sufficient, did you say this?' He said: 'Yes'. Then we convinced him that politically it was an unsound doctrine. 'Oh', he said, 'I now change, I now see it, but I'm prepared to sign anything you want me to do.'

*Narrator* : A document was ready, setting out the original statement and then reversing it. Gandhi signed, and early next morning Jayakar sent out his English secretaries by taxi to collect twenty-five signatures from important members of the Indian delegation. Thus armed, Jayakar telephoned to the Prime Minister, secured an interview, and showed him the recantation.

*M. R. Jayakar* : 'Oh, is that so?' he said. 'But he said exactly the contrary—how do we reconcile this great man saying two contrary things on two different occasions? What am I going to say to my Cabinet? The Cabinet is meeting at eleven o'clock, what answer can I give?' I said: 'Mr. Macdonald, if you were a lawyer I would have said if there are two contradictory statements, the later one is the more important one.' I said: 'Do your best', and he did it.

*Narrator* : But nobody's best was quite good enough at that Conference. And Gandhi's best seemed to be exerted outside St. James's Palace.

*H. N. Brailsford* : Well, yes, but he had a very singular way of going about it. He always was in his own mind one of the poor. And, for him the most interesting and the most sympathetic experience he had, during his whole stay in England, was when he went up to Lancashire.

*Narrator* : Brailsford feels that he had the unemployment among Lancashire textile-workers on his conscience.

*H. N. Brailsford* : He had that on his conscience ; and he wished to go direct to the mill-workers themselves, and try to get them to understand what the abysses of Indian poverty really meant.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : Some of our friends were afraid that the reception there may not be very welcome, because they were very hard hit at the time. It was feared that they would very much resent the fact that he was the author, as they thought, of the boycott of British Lancashire goods.

*Narrator* : Not only Pyarelal Nayar, but Gandhi's host

Charles Haworth, who was to look after him while he visited the mills at Darwen and other places, had this on his mind.

*C. Haworth :* Yes, the Indian boycott was at its height. There was a general depression in the cotton trade, quite heavy distress, young men who didn't work for years after leaving school. I well remember that we were rather concerned about the idea of his arriving at midnight, and when I heard that he was coming on that train, I sent several telegrams and messages trying to get him to arrive in daylight, but that wasn't possible. As he drove up from the station, when the people first saw him they broke out into cheering, which was a great relief to us, we didn't know what would happen when they saw him, but they cheered him as if he was a friend or somebody they were pleased with.

*Narrator :* And that was before Gandhi had talked to anybody or made his case. The very gesture of his coming had done something.

*C. Haworth :* I think that's the beginning of it. A man coming whom people would think to be their enemy, wanting to talk with them. That's not the way we usually do things, and for a man to come and do that certainly was impressive.

*Narrator :* Gandhi was sticking to his technique. And to his daily routine, which meant that Sergeant Rogers and Sergeant Evans were still getting up early.

*C. Haworth :* Between three and four o'clock in the morning for prayers, and then between six and seven out for a walk on the edge of the moors—the little garden village in which we lived was just on the door-step of the moors as it were, and we went for a walk up there. The whole party, including the detectives and two or three of the Lancashire policemen. There were nine people in the party altogether, so it was quite a task in a small house. There were no special arrangements of any kind, excepting for the provision of goat's milk, that was a problem to us for quite a long time, and then at the very last minute a friend came along from Blackburn and offered the necessary goat's milk.

*Narrator :* As usual, the goat's milk made copy for the papers. But the big moment, for one press photographer,

was when Gandhi ended his visit to one of the mills just as the workers were leaving.

*C. Haworth* : The mill stopped work at 11-30, and we got a little bit behind timetable, so he was coming out at the same time as the workpeople. The crowd of people standing there, Gandhi in the middle, and then one press photographer thought that he could improve it, and called for cheers, and of course the people cheered and he got a very much better photograph for the papers . . . 'cheering the man who takes their bread-and-butter out of their mouths.'

*Narrator* : A picture that was published all over the world. A stunt, of course, but there was something real behind it. At several meetings the issues were talked out.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : 'Do you want your prosperity to be built at the misery of others?' he asked. And they said: 'No.' One of the operatives afterwards came to him and said: 'Mr. Gandhi, if I was in India I would say exactly the same thing as you are telling us today.'

*C. Haworth* : Yes, he did say—I'll not say that this carried very much weight with the Lancashire people—but he did say that they with their unemployment pay at a figure of 17/6d. a week were very much better off than the Indian worker who got 7/6d. a month in wages. He wasn't instituting the boycott to help cotton-mills but rather to help his village industries. There were quite a number of people that I knew who thought better and more of his ideas and he himself than they did before. I remember particularly one of the weavers' union representatives who came up to our house, and how impressed he was. He certainly didn't agree with his ideas before he came, but he was certainly impressed with the man.

*Narrator* : There were political questions too. About thirty work-people met Gandhi for discussion in one of the village institutes.

*C. Haworth* : The answer that impressed me most—the question was something like this. 'What will happen in connection with the Empire, if you get your freedom from this country?' And his reply was something like this: 'that depends how we get it. If we have to kick you out, and you

go out more or less as enemies, then we shall come out of the Empire. But if you go out as friends, and prepared to help, then we shall stay within the Empire, and we shall be very glad to be in the Empire.'

*Narrator* : For Gandhi these mill-hands made a better audience, even when critical, than the one he had to face at the Round-Table Conference—where, in some of his exasperating speeches, he said much the same thing. Again and again he declared that he did not want to break the connection between India and Britain, only to transform it. 'I still aspire,' he said, 'to be a citizen, not of the Empire, but of a Commonwealth.' Today his words have a ring of prophetic simplicity. But then, taken in conjunction with his idiosyncracies, only the simplicity was apparent. Looking back at the Conference, as Gandhi on December 1st made his dubious two-minute reply to Ramsay Macdonald's winding-up of the session, the words that come first are 'if only. . . .'

*Lord Templewood* : If Halifax could have gone on for another two or three years in India—Halifax understood him—and if we could have moved more quickly here, and if I'd had a free hand, which was quite impossible at the time, to say to him: 'Well, we want to see India independent—part of the Commonwealth—we leave all these safeguards to you'—he'd have given me more safeguards than we put into the Act of Parliament. But in the circumstances of that time one couldn't do it.

*Lord Halifax* : What people in England, of course, didn't always realise was that—tiresome, unpractical, irrelevant as he might be, he yet had an immense hold over the people of India for all his other quite different qualities.

*H. N. Brailsford* : If the few of us who had seen Gandhi at work in India could have managed to get that across to the public, then history might have run rather differently than it did. But we never quite succeeded.

*Lord Templewood* : You see, the fundamental trouble—it was really the trouble between European thought and Asian thought: the European beginning at the beginning and going on perhaps empirically after that. The Indian thinker beginning at the end.

*Narrator* : But the end was not yet. Gandhi went back to India, and almost straight into imprisonment ; into the fiery ordeal of a fast on the Untouchables issue ; into the growing assertion among Muslims of the right to separate existence ; and then, with the structure still uncompleted and the future still confused, into the storm of world war. He did not attend the third session of the Round-Table Conference. He never again crossed the black water, as the orthodox Hindus say.

*Lord Templewood* : One chapter was closed. After that there was nothing really to be done with him.

*Narrator* : In the closing of that chapter, as Gandhi made his way overland to Naples to take ship for India, there occurred a strange and unpleasant footnote to history. Gandhi had been warned by friends in France that in Mussolini's Italy he should be very careful what he said, above all to journalists.

*Lord Templewood* : They were prepared to stick at nothing. And all they were interested in then was to make trouble between India and England.

*Narrator* : They made it, in Gayda's paper *Giornale d'Italia*, in which Gandhi was alleged to have said in Rome that he was returning to India to resume Civil Disobedience. Gandhi had been trapped into a meeting that was represented as an interview, but he always denied that he had said what was attributed to him, and he wired his denial to London when his boat reached Aden. Of his party, only Mahadev Desai was present throughout the whole meeting in Rome, and he took notes, which were seen by Pyarelal Nayar.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : He asked Mahadev Desai to prepare a statement. Mahadev Desai tried to obtain the notes he had taken, but to his dismay he found that a friend of his had taken away his portmanteau, put it to some different use and thrown away those notes. Those notes were never recovered. I had read those notes and I have a very distinct recollection that there was nothing of the kind attributed to Gandhiji in Senator Gayda's journal.

*Narrator* : At the time the issue was crucial to Gandhi's

reputation. And the damage was done. But Lord Templewood's verdict is emphatic.

*Lord Templewood* : I quite believe him. I think it was an outrageous bit of malpractice, the whole thing. And he was genuinely sorry about it.

*Narrator* : But there are better things to remember about that journey back to India, with a party that this time included, as far as Rome, his hostess in London, Muriel Lester.

*Muriel Lester* : I think it was in Switzerland, particularly, that he seemed happy. He wasn't giving interviews. He was trying—not trying to forget, but not bothering to remember the work at which he'd concentrated so constantly for ten weeks over here, and he was just enjoying himself.

*Narrator* : There was a visit to his biographer, Romain Rolland, who played Beethoven on the piano to him, to what effect has not been recorded. There was a visit to the Vatican in Rome, with Mira Behn beside him.

*Mira Behn* : We went into that chapel where there are the great Michelangelo frescoes and there there is a crucifix, a life-size crucifix in bronze, a beautiful thing, very expressive. Bapu stopped in front of it, and looked, and looked, and looked, and then he went this way, he went that way, perfectly silent, didn't say a word, then he even went round behind the statue in the wall, where nobody's even supposed to go, and looked again, and then came round in front, and then, without saying a word, we went on. And as we were going out of the Vatican, Bapu just said in a very quiet voice: 'It was a marvellous thing, that crucifix.'

*Narrator* : Details sometimes tell most about Gandhi. There were the toys to be cared for, the woolly lamb and the other things that he had been given by the children at Kingsley Hall.

*Muriel Lester* : These toys, with his delicate hands, he carried in his own fingers all the time, and gently always put them on the window-sill of every carriage that we changed into on the journey, and then on the Channel steamer crossing. Great care he took over these things.

*Narrator* : And Sergeant Rogers and Sergeant Evans at last got a holiday—as Gandhi's guests,

*Lord Templewood* : He came to me and said: 'Well, they really have looked after me so well in London. I should like to give them a holiday. Could you arrange for them to come to Rome with me?' And we did, and after the Rome visit, and after the misunderstanding over the fictitious interview, he sent a very good watch for each of them that I presented to them in London.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : Gandhi said: 'I must send them English watches, in the first place because I promised them, and secondly to show that I have no animosity against the English people as such and I do not want to boycott their goods merely because they are English.'

*Lord Templewood* : That showed that the time when he was in London our personal relations were very good.

*H. N. Brailsford* : He left England, on the whole, knowing that the English people, or at any rate the political parties, were not yet ready for the transfer of power. But at the same time he spoke with great gratitude of the kindness and hospitality that he had met with; and left with the assurance that whatever happened to his unhappy country, I remember those words, whatever should happen to his unhappy country, he would never forget the kindness and hospitality he had received in England.

*Narrator* : The political significance of what Gandhi felt about England may still be argued. But in his own biography it runs as a continuous thread, from the early years when he read Ruskin and raised recruits for Britain to the day when his own country stood poised between consummation and chaos, and the old man, with nothing he called his own but his stick and his spinning-wheel, his faithful watch and a few other carefully guarded trifles, went to Lord Mountbatten and asked what he could send as a wedding-gift to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

*Louis Fischer* : He had no animus. He had no hatred. He was incapable of hatred. And I think he wanted to liberate India in order to liberate England from India.

*Narrator* : Louis Fischer thinks so. And Lord Pethick-Lawrence, who led the Cabinet Mission to India in 1945, confirms him.

*Lord Pethick-Lawrence* : I have sometimes heard it said

that Gandhi had an animosity against this country, and that particularly in the later part of his life he tried to do harm to Britain and her Empire. This is quite untrue. Gandhi had no such feelings or designs. Throughout his life he carried with him friendly memories of the time he spent in England as a young man and of the English friends he made then and on other visits.

*Narrator :* For most of that life, after Gandhi left South Africa in 1914, one of his staunchest disciples was Kaka Kalelkar, who heard the subject of the British connection raised with Gandhi within prison-walls. Kalelkar has the last word.

*Kaka Kalelkar :* It was Gandhiji's influence that decided for the nation that we must join the Commonwealth. Therefore, whenever I meet Englishmen, I tell them: 'One great defect with you is that you think that the Commonwealth had a great past—namely the British Empire. You forget that it has got a great future. The past is nothing compared to the future which is before us.'

## IV

### THE LAST PHASE

*(Crowd Cheering from W. Vaughan-Thomas' record of Flag Saluting Ceremony)*

*Narrator :* August 1947. An end and a beginning. Two nations were inheriting the power that Britain had relinquished. On the morning of Friday, August 14th, at Karachi, Lord Mountbatten transferred authority to Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah as Governor-General of Pakistan, and immediately flew back to Delhi. As his plane passed over the Punjab boundary area, several large fires could be seen. That night, in the Legislative Assembly building in New Delhi, Jawaharlal Nehru spoke for the new India.

*(Fade up Nehru on disc)*

*Jawaharlal Nehru :* At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom.  
*(Applause)*

*(Conch shells, midnight chimes, ending on shout of Mahatma Gandhi-ki-jai!)*

*Narrator :* Mahatma Gandhi-ki-jai! But Gandhi was not there in New Delhi. He was in Calcutta. And he was not rejoicing. He spent the day of independence in prayer and fasting. Dr. P. C. Ghosh remembers how Gandhi declined to go to Delhi for the celebrations.

*P. C. Ghosh :* He said that, 'My independence has not yet come. My conception of independence has not yet come, unless this terrible poverty is banished, there is no room for making festivals and merriments like this.'

*Narrator :* It was not the first time that the shouts of 'Mahatma Gandhi-ki-jai' had seemed unreal to him.

*P. C. Ghosh :* I remember in 1921 he gave an engagement to us at about six o'clock, and early in the morning. It was

winter, and there was a tramway strike, and we had to walk. Then he came, he apologised for being late. He said: 'Last night I went to a place where everybody was busily shouting "Mahatma Gandhi-ki-jai!" but no one was willing to listen to me.'

*Narrator :* Gandhi could feel that in allowing India to be partitioned his countrymen were not listening to him. But there was more than that to isolate him when freedom was at last at hand.

*P. C. Ghosh :* Yes, he had the feeling that some of his valued comrades and lieutenants had left him, and were not doing what ought to be done. Even before the new government also he said that the Congressmen were not doing what they ought.

*Narrator :* Acharya Kripalani, who was President of the Congress Party over the transfer period, was keenly aware of Gandhi's ideas on the new order.

*J. B. Kripalani :* He believed in decentralisation, he did not believe only in decentralisation of industry, but also in decentralisation of power. He thought that democracy could work only in small units, so there should be vigorous local self-government. Every village should be like a semi-independent republic, you see.

*Narrator :* The writer Shridharani thinks that the political fact of partition was not the thing that most deeply affected Gandhi during the last phase.

*K. Shridharani :* He was not a man who thought mainly in the terms of boundaries and nations and sovereignty, though he paid attention to these concepts as much as politicians should, as statesmen should. But his primary concern was always with human beings, with people, and here he thought that the people that he had served and talked for all his life were betraying him. That shook him more, rather than the partition itself, because the partition of the heart was much more unbearable for him than the partition of the country.

*Narrator :* Yet somehow we have to account for the vigour of Gandhi's old age. Horace Alexander, who saw him in confinement between 1942 and 1944, thought that Gandhi then felt everything had gone wrong, and that it took him

a long time to get over it. Louis Fischer, who had seen him in 1942 and returned in 1946, believes that the violence of the 1942 disturbances had greatly afflicted him.

*Louis Fischer* : Yes, yes. It had stimulated far too much violence—arson, and attacks on British persons. And while he refused to accept guilt for it, he was afraid of another Civil Disobedience movement. And when he was released from gaol, his tendency was to correct the direction of the movement. He underwent a remarkable growth in the last few years of his life. In 1946 it should have been clear to every Indian, as it certainly was to the British and to observers—outside observers like myself—1946, after the war—it was clear that the British had decided for self-interest as well as for idealistic reasons to leave India. Gandhi was ready to believe it.

*Narrator* : Horace Alexander was also back in India in 1946 and saw much of Gandhi.

*Horace Alexander* : By the beginning of '46, he was certainly in control again to a large extent, and by the time that the Cabinet Mission came to India in the spring of 1946, I think he had again, shall we say, the vigour and determination that he'd had before. But I would go on to say that in the years that I knew him, I think the very last year of his life when he was throwing everything into his struggle to keep Hindus and Muslims from massacring each other, both before the departure of the British and after, were in some ways the climax of his whole life.

*K. Shridharani* : Well, I was really impressed by the picture of health that he presented; his complexion at that time was—could be the envy of any High School girl—because he lived a very scientific life, every ounce of food that he took was weighed, planned beforehand, and you will recall that his ambition was to live 125 years, and I'm quite convinced that he could have lived 125 years. Later on, he lost interest in living, because when the Hindus and Muslims lost their heads and became the victims of mass passion and fury and began to kill each other, he said again and again in his prayer-meetings that I wanted to be 125 but now I have lost interest in life.

*Horace Alexander* : Well of course there were the two

sides. He spoke again and again of the agony he was passing through, and obviously it was a very genuine agony but the other quality in him was very marked too.

*Narrator :* Just after the war, at all events, Ian Stephens found Gandhi in an expansive mood. This was at the Sodepur ashram, near Calcutta.

*Ian Stephens :* It was cold, it was winter, he was in his shawl—a sort of cocoon before me, and he got pleasure evidently in tranquilly going over things in his early past. There was a long description of his struggles in South Africa in the old days. And a most vivid account of his first visit in early manhood to Calcutta, of his repugnance to this, as he thought, evil, money-making, squalid city. And there he sat, and I could hear the scratching of the secretary's pen, and outside, it was quite near Dum Dum, the airfield, there were the aircraft taking off and landing, carrying demobilised British and American troops back home, and the railway-line was close by the ashram too, the clank and hiss of passing trains. And sometimes, breaking these outside noises, were the sudden chortles of the Mahatma as some particular point of reminiscence pleased him. He was in good form—I went forward to thank him for this exceptionally vivid, interesting, stimulating interview, and a little brown hand shot forth out of the cocoon and what gripped me wasn't an old man's hand, it was young, it was warm, it was the firmly rounded hand of youth. It was surprising, in this old man of seventy.

*Narrator :* Actually he was seventy-six. The secretary whose pen was scratching, Pyarelal Nayar, served Gandhi closely during those post-war months, when the means were being sought of transferring power to India—united if possible, divided if inevitable. Even if it were to be one State Gandhi would have had difficulty.

*Pyarelal Nayar :* He did not want a national State to be set up which would command every department of the life of everybody, because he wanted moral freedom for the people, and that was possible only when they had also the capacity to make the choice. He wanted people to be self-reliant, self-helping, self-sufficient and able to order their lives in the way they thought best, even to commit mistakes.

*Narrator :* Gandhi the anarchist was still busy with his human experiments. Yet his advice was still sought by the state-makers, by his Congress party colleagues, by the Viceroy Lord Wavell, by the British Cabinet Mission. But when Wavell at last succeeded in forming a provisional government with Jawaharlal Nehru as Prime Minister—on September 2nd 1946—there was a reason for Gandhi's isolation. Like many others, Annada Sankar Ray recognised it.

*Annada Sankar Ray :* The reason was that most of his followers were political-minded and they had attained what they wanted to attain by the formation of the Interim Government in Delhi, and that kept them occupied and they thought that Gandhi was no longer necessary in the old sense, of leading them against the British, because the British had given them almost all they wanted to get. He was no longer the centre of politics.

*Narrator :* This surely was the moment when, if it were going to happen at all, the figure of Gandhi would begin to fade from the scene which his personality had so long dominated. This was the moment, in the great Hindu tradition, for retirement, for the last contemplative phase of quiet preparation for death. He had earned his cave in the Himalayas. But for him that preparation did not mean retirement. Sushila Nayar remembers Mira Behn once suggesting that Gandhi should go and sit alone under a tree to work undisturbed on some problem.

*Sushila Nayar :* And Bapu said: 'Well, don't you realise that I'm not made for a retirement to the hills? I'm made to live in the midst of masses and I can contemplate and meditate in the midst of all of you.'

*Narrator :* And he told Maurice Frydman what he felt to be his path to God.

*Maurice Frydman :* He told me, very simply: 'I want to find God. And because I want to find God, I have to find God along with other people. I don't believe I can find God alone. If I did, I would be running to the Himalayas to find God in some cave there, but since I believe that nobody can find God alone, I have to work with people.'

*Narrator :* And the work was waiting for him. Ever since 1942 Gandhi had been distressed by the growing signs of

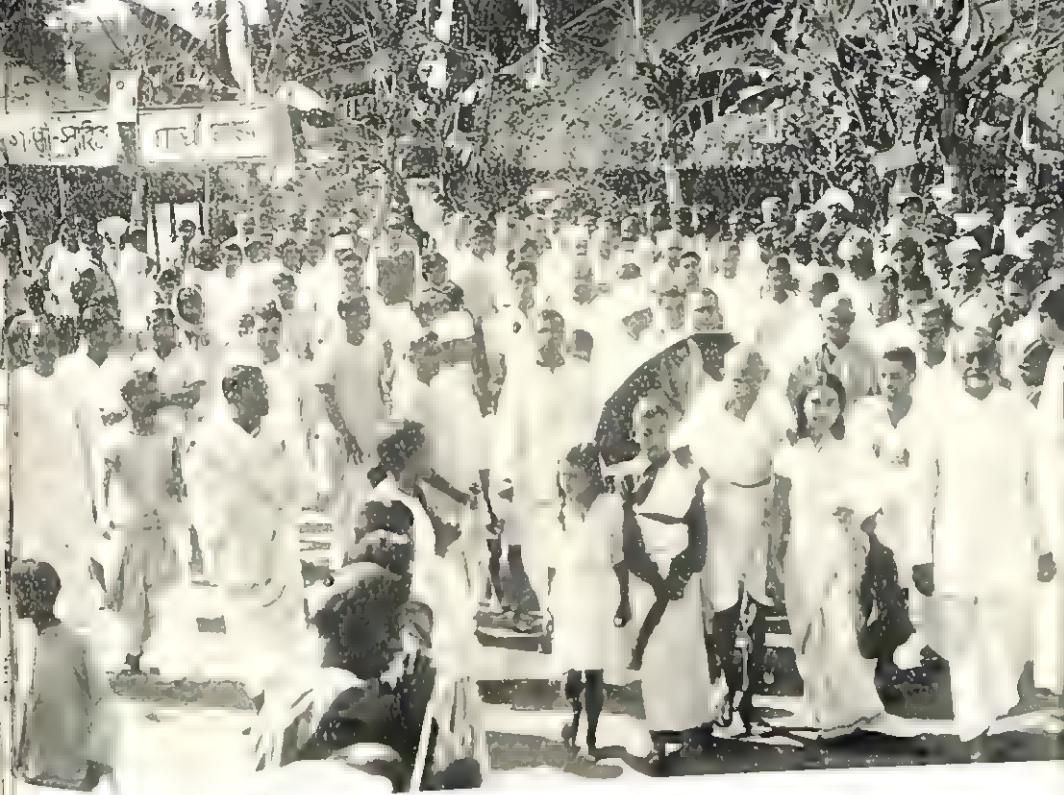
violence in the mood of India. As independence moved towards reality the Hindu-Muslim tension increased. The autumn of 1946 was disfigured by murderous outbreaks. Who started the terrible chain-reaction and where, doesn't matter, even if it could be determined. But the name of the first chapter in this final stage of Gandhi's life is Noakhali, a district in the maze of waterways of Eastern Bengal with a Muslim majority but with most of the land in Hindu ownership. Killings of Hindus, forcible conversions and arson resolved Gandhi to go himself to Noakhali, to stay there until sanity returned—if necessary, he added, to die there.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : He decided he himself would not be at peace unless he went there himself.

*Narrator* : Noakhali is more than a thousand miles from Delhi where the historic political moves were being made. Its very remoteness emphasised the solitude of Gandhi's task. One who went in search of him early next year, Sudhir Ghosh, was struck by that remoteness.

*Sudhir Ghosh* : He seemed to be very far away from everybody and from everywhere. Even physically he was so distant. I travelled by air from Delhi to Calcutta, by train from Calcutta to the last railway point at Goalundo, then went down the river in a boat the whole day to Chandpur, and there the local magistrate very kindly lent me a jeep and I travelled as far as I could in a jeep and then there was another river. And then I had to hire a little country boat and crossed the river, and then I carried my little—my bag on my shoulders and walked six or seven miles, and late in the evening I arrived at a village where I heard Gandhi was staying. The villagers pointed out to me the house where he was staying, it was a dhobi's house—the house of a village washerman. The villagers gave him shelter, he ate whatever food they gave him. So there he was in the little hut of the village washerman, writing his letters by the light of a kerosene lamp.

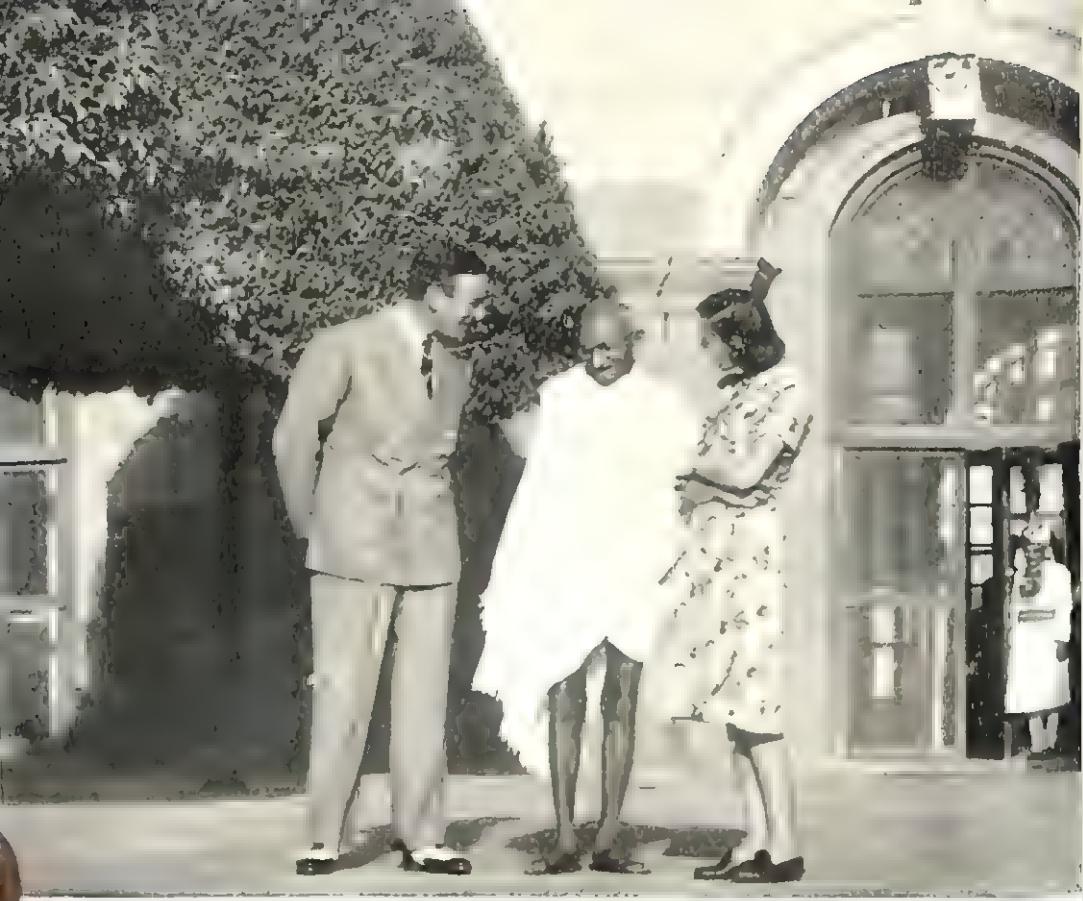
*Narrator* : It had taken Gandhi more than a month after he reached the Noakhali district to decide on this personal pilgrimage, alone except for his grand-niece Manu, and Professor Nirmal Bose, as his secretary and interpreter—



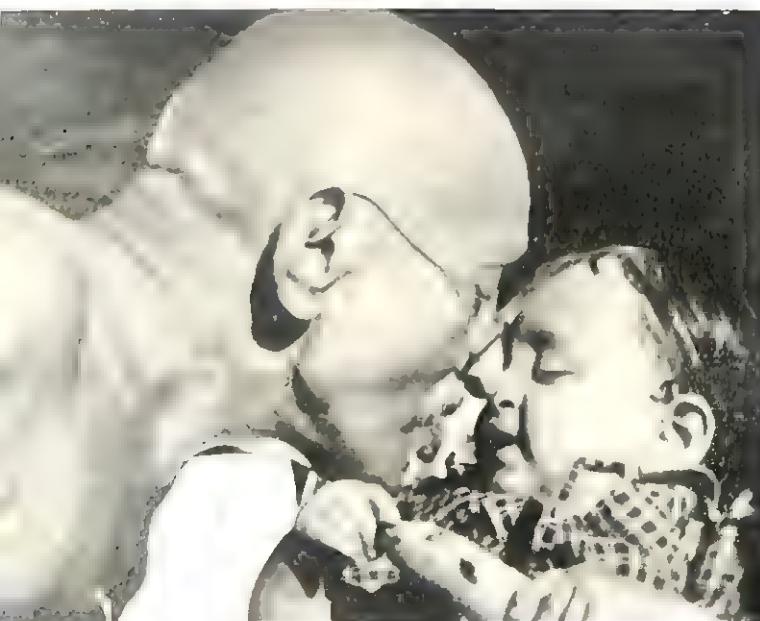
III. 1. DEPARTURE FOR NOAKHALI



2. 'ONE-MAN  
BOUNDARY  
FORCE'



III. 3. WITH LORD AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN



4. WITH A  
HAPPY  
CHILD

Gandhi studied Bengali for five minutes regularly each morning. At first, when he reached Eastern Bengal and gathered together his co-workers, he gave the stricken inhabitants a shock, as Pyarelal remembers.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : Now, it was a terrible state of things there. The troops were unable to give the people the feeling of security that was needed. When he went there the people there thought, well, he would bring all the resources of the military and the police, which the Interim Government commands now, to our rescue, and all these anti-social elements will be taught the lesson of their life. To everybody's surprise, at the very first meeting he told them that what he would like them to do is to do away with the military and the police, which was even there at that time. People could hardly believe their ears, but soon they began to see what he meant.

*Narrator* : But he didn't get far with his plan of finding two Hindus and two Muslims in every locality to guarantee with their lives the safety of all who returned to their homes.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : He said it doesn't matter, I shall post one of my companions in each locality, and these people will go and infuse courage among those who have lost hope. All we can promise is that we shall die ourselves before a hair of your head is touched.

*Narrator* : One of the companions to be posted was Pyarelal's sister, Dr. Sushila Nayar.

*Sushila Nayar* : So when he called me I told him, I said: 'Bapu, I'll be perfectly frank with you—I am afraid. But I can say this to you that I'll try to overcome my fear.' So when the time came we said: 'Then Bapu we must have some potent means at our disposal for our safety.' So Bapu turned round and he says: 'You talk in that strain? Where is your faith?'

*Narrator* : The place to which Dr. Sushila Nayar was sent was mostly burned and looted, but the villagers found her a small room, dug a trench-latrine and gave her some tins for bathing.

*Sushila Nayar* : I remember one day at night I had to go to the bathroom and there was a rustling of leaves at the back. I tried to shout and I found that I had no voice. The

fear had gripped me so much that there were some people coming there. It was only a dog going through the trees, I discovered later.

*Narrator* : It was fear that Gandhi was fighting. And politically he was still combating the idea that religious hostilities could be resolved by separatism. Deeper still, it was a personal struggle. The beliefs that had sustained him for sixty years were being challenged, and it mattered to him that he should not die as a failure. Nirmal Bose more than once heard him muttering to himself—'Kya karun ? Kya karun ?'—'What should I do ?'

*Nirmal Bose* : He wanted them to be human beings without fear, brave enough to change all great wrongs wherever they existed, and when he realised that this was not being acted upon, the people merely listened to it and worshipped him as a great man, as a holy man, he became more and more despondent. At one moment I remember one Hindu political leader asked him if he really hoped that the heart of the Muslim League leaders would change. He said: 'It is not a question of changing this man's heart and that man's heart, we have to do or play our part rightly and in the hope that the others will also act in the right manner.' Now this hope was always there but then when somebody asked him, 'Do you really see any faint glow of its realisation?' he immediately answered—'No, it is all dark before me, not only dark but I don't know if this darkness will ever end, I see no light before me and I am working without the co-operation of the tallest in the land.' This was the phrase that he actually used in those days.

*Narrator* : And so it was alone that Sudhir Ghosh found him in the washerman's hut in that lost village among the muddy waterways of the delta.

*Sudhir Ghosh* : All the other members of his entourage had been sent away to other distant villages to do their work on their own responsibility. It was heartbreaking for me to see how a man of his age, physically not a very strong man, yet living in the midst of the greatest hardships, not even getting the kind of food that he was accustomed to, and the little physical comforts which members of his entourage provided him with. And every day he walked from village

to village and he asked me to walk with him. He never used shoes but he used to have leather sandals. Even that he had discarded, barefooted he walked several miles every day from one village to another. And there were quite a few villagers walking along with him. And one morning I saw something which was very touching. There was an old woman standing by the roadside waiting for him, and when he came along the old woman said: 'My son, I want to see you but I have no eyesight. Can I feel you with my hands?' So Gandhiji touched this old woman with his hands and talked to her for a few minutes, and there were tears in his eyes.

*Nirmal Bose* : We were passing through a village and we came upon a house which had been completely devastated, and a number of the inmates had been murdered and the bloodstains still lay on the whitewashed walls within the room, the floor of the room had been dug open for any possible treasures that may lie within them. And then it was known that Gandhiji was going to pass through that village, and in the meanwhile some of the widows who'd lost their husbands during the riots also came to see him. He asked me to translate what they said, and I said to him that they want consolation from you. He looked very grave and immediately said: 'I have come to Bengal not to give consolation, I have come to bring courage here.' That was why he had come to Bengal. It was not merely an institutional change, a social change which he wanted in Bengal. But it was to come through the reformed hearts and through the reformed personal relations of the people concerned.

*Narrator* : So also in Bihar, the province in which Gandhiji's very first gesture of Satyagraha in India had been made just thirty years before. In revenge for Noakhali, Hindus had slaughtered and burned on a dreadful scale in Bihar. 'Bihar of my dreams,' Gandhi had announced, 'has falsified them.' By the time that he could leave Bengal the worst of the violence in Bihar had been brought under control. Indeed, Muslims had charged him with partiality because he had not gone earlier. But there was still an immense task of pacification to be done—pacification, and, as Gandhi said so often, repentance.

*Lord Mountbatten* : I was warned that Gandhi was away in Bihar, carrying out a 'repentance tour'.

*Narrator* : Lord Mountbatten had arrived in Delhi in March 1947 to take over from Lord Wavell, and the first thing he did was to write to both Gandhi and Jinnah expressing the hope that they would come to see him. Gandhi interrupted his tour and reached Delhi just nine days after the new Viceroy.

*Lord Mountbatten* : Certainly I was quite unprepared to meet such a lovable old man, with a warm, human manner ; great good humour ; charming manners ; and perhaps most unexpectedly of all, an unfailing sense of humour. My wife and I welcomed him together, and friendly relations were effortlessly established. When I took him, that morning, into my own study to speak with him alone, it was in order to give us both a chance to see what we thought of each other as human beings, and very soon we were talking, as the saying goes, 'of everything under the sun.'

*Narrator* : And then, in half a dozen interviews in the next two weeks, they got down to the problem that faced everybody. Jinnah had an equal number of talks with Lord Mountbatten. But Jinnah and Gandhi, as the Viceroy knew, had not come face to face for three years. One day in April, Lord Mountbatten's programme indicated consecutive interviews arranged for Gandhi and Jinnah. He saw his chance.

*Lord Mountbatten* : So I managed to be a bit unpunctual, and their interviews overlapped. At first the meeting of these two estranged leaders did not seem to be working out very successfully, for the chairs in the Viceroy's study were monumental, heavy leather armchairs, which were extremely difficult to move. Gandhi and Jinnah settled themselves into two of these, which happened to be rather far apart. Both men had a habit of speaking in a very quiet, low voice ; and as neither of them appeared to be able to raise his voice, it was very difficult for them to hear each other. I had to act as a sort of interpreter, which made it easier for me to inject into the conversation the idea that they should have a further meeting, at Jinnah's house, where they could speak in greater comfort ; and this was arranged.

*Narrator* : As a result, Gandhi and Jinnah issued on April 15th a joint statement strongly deplored communal violence and the use of force. But the political issue moved inexorably towards its decision—partition, not only of India as a whole, but in consequence of Bengal and the Punjab also. Britain would not hand over power to two states, as desired by the Muslim League, unless the Congress Party also consented. Mr. Nehru, Sardar Patel and the Congress Working Committee did at length consent. On June 2nd, the day before the decisive meeting to approve the partition plan, Lord Mountbatten felt that he must see Gandhi personally. It happened to be Gandhi's weekly day of silence, which left the Viceroy free to do all the talking.

*Lord Mountbatten* : It seemed quite natural to be discussing these grave affairs of state in such an irregular manner, and I felt no embarrassment at keeping up a monologue, while Gandhi wrote his comments with the stub of a pencil on the backs of used envelopes. All the Mahatma's little scribbled messages were extremely friendly ; at the same time, it was clear to me that he was in a state of considerable distress under the first impact of the plan ; and I was a little afraid that he might make critical comments on the plan at his next prayer-meeting.

*Narrator* : But Gandhi said at his prayer-meeting that he could not blame the Viceroy. The plan to divide the country was the act of the Congress Party and the Muslim League. It was voluntary and it was variable. In these momentous days the prayer-meetings in the 'Untouchables' Quarter in New Delhi were Gandhi's most direct link with the people. Fears and passions surged right up to them. There were angry objections to Gandhi's recital of passages from the Koran, but he vanquished them. There was question after question on his own attitude to partition. It came at last to a resolution of the Congress in public session, which Raja Hutesingh attended.

*Raja Hutesingh* : When Gandhi came it was the last speech on the resolution and Gandhi spoke, and all that Gandhi said was: 'Support your leaders.' He didn't say anything about whether he agreed with the resolution or he did not agree. And even to that, you see, when he said—

'Support the Resolution', there was a protest from the audience, if I remember correctly, saying: 'What do you think?' But Gandhi said: 'All that I say is: Support your leaders.'

*Narrator :* The significant thing, after all, is what Gandhi did when the decision was made. There were many who told him that he should have fasted to death on the issue. There were others who said it was time he disappeared altogether. But what he saw, partition or no partition, were wounds that must be healed. The Muslims, who fought for the idea of Pakistan and finally won it, were now to discover as they thought, a different Gandhi. But it was the same man to the end.

*Pakistani :* Yes, I think after partition the stature of Mr. Gandhi rose immensely, even with Pakistanis, because Pakistanis identified him with obstacles to the achievement of their aspirations—that is Pakistan. He was the chief obstacle, but after partition Mr. Gandhi ceased to be their *bête noire*, because they had achieved their aspirations, and Muslims in Pakistan felt that Mr. Gandhi would be the best means of securing peace and security for the Muslims in India.

*Narrator :* And now a Muslim, prominent in the movement for Pakistan, was to find himself drawn into Gandhi's prodigious efforts to stem the rising tide of violence. This was H. S. Suhrawardy, Prime Minister at that time of the still undivided Bengal. The fateful date of August 15th 1947, was approaching. At the end of July and early in August, Gandhi's peace-mission took him to the North-West Frontier and to Kashmir and then he travelled to Calcutta intending to go back to Noakhali in East Bengal. But in Calcutta itself serious rioting had broken out. Suhrawardy had been on the opposite side of the sub-continent, in Karachi, preparing for the creation of Pakistan, but he flew back to Calcutta and at once asked Gandhi to stay in the city.

*H. S. Suhrawardy :* Gandhiji listened to me very patiently, and after two hours he asked me pointedly whether I wanted him not to go to Noakhali. I told him that I did not want him to go. He asked me whether I wanted him to remain in Calcutta and to use his influence to bring about peace between Hindus and Muslims. I told him that was my most

definite request to him, whereupon he said that he would be prepared to do so provided I joined him in his efforts, that he would stay in a locality in which the Muslims had been worse treated—that would be a dangerous locality for all Muslims—that he would go and sit in some hut or building from where he would work, but that he would only do so if I joined him. He warned me that my life was in danger, that the Hindus considered me to have been responsible for the riots, and for what they had suffered, and consequently if I went on this mission it would be extremely dangerous for me, and I should take the permission of my father and of my daughter.

*Narrator :* And so, in a Muslim house in one of the worst affected districts of the city, Suhrawardy established himself with Gandhi. Professor Nirmal Bose was again serving Gandhi, and he was there too.

*Nirmal Bose :* I remember Mr. Suhrawardy and I used to sleep side by side on two beds on the floor and he used to often tell me that, 'After all these years I have discovered this—that I can still not trust any Hindu except Mahatma Gandhi—he at least is a man on whom I can place my trust wholly.'

*H. S. Suhrawardy :* Gandhiji addressed a prayer-meeting the first evening where he advised the Hindus to be peaceful. He asked me particularly not to attend his prayer-meeting, but after the second day's prayer-meeting he called upon me to address the Hindu crowd from the window of his room. He stood by me while I addressed the crowd.

*Narrator :* That was the Gandhi specific: a Hindu and a Muslim standing together and offering their lives to both communities in order to bring them to sanity. Gandhi's life was threatened. Suhrawardy's life was threatened. But in this huge city that for months had been racked by fear and violence the experiment succeeded. August 14th and 15th, the days when two nations were to gain independence and Bengal was to be cut in two, were the days most to be dreaded in Calcutta. Two friends, Eric da Costa and Sudhin Datta, saw what happened.

*Eric da Costa :* We had gone through a year in which communal differences in Calcutta had been terrible. So we

didn't think it was very likely that on the 15th of August, on which partition was to come into being, that anything would be as cordial as this. And then we kept on hearing these tremendous shouts . . . and driving up Central Avenue I saw truck after truck coming down loaded with men, sometimes women, and a great big shout—repeated over and over again—‘*Hindu Musalman ek ho, Hindu Musalman ek ho*’. So I rushed up to my guru and said—‘Come out immediately! Just look what's happened. The old man’—this is what I said—‘the old man has done it again!’

*Sudhin Datta* : And Eric took me out in his car, and when we crossed Harrison Road and went into this area which had been virtually closed to us for nearly a year, I saw soldiers, there were still soldiers with bayonets, but on those bayonets were little flags which people had fixed, and Hindus and Muslims were absolutely dancing ; dancing—and lorries would come full of Muslims, who'd stop, pull up a Hindu, and say—‘Come here, come here, we are going to celebrate. Up!’ Things like that. And when we saw this—I don't know about Eric, but I certainly could not restrain my eyes streaming over, because for a year it had seemed as if it was not worth while living in Calcutta. And then Gandhi had come—the first day I think they threw brickbats at him and sticks at him, and then of course he talked to them, stood there, and slowly, in two or three days' time, the atmosphere changed, and on the 14th what we saw is perhaps the only miracle I have in my life seen.

*H. S. Suhrawardy* : It speaks volumes for the greatness of the man, that although this miracle was really achieved by him, he lost no opportunity to tell his public that he had at last discovered his true mission, namely to bring about peace between Hindus and Muslims so that both could work for the glory of India ; and that he would not have succeeded, indeed, he would not have discovered his mission had it not been for me. And he gave me that meed of praise which I did not deserve.

*Narrator* ? It would not have been Gandhi if he hadn't added: ‘This is not the work of one or two men. We are toys in the hands of God.’ And so, while Karachi and New Delhi held their historic inaugurations, and Calcutta

marvelled at its miracle, Gandhi refused to celebrate. He knew that the miracles must be continuous. The sternest trials were still to come. And he confided to Professor Bose that Calcutta itself had not yet done with violence.

*Nirmal Bose* : He said to me that this has come because people are tired of one year's rioting, and therefore they want to take a little amount of rest—'that's how I see it. I will be satisfied with it only when I find that the Muslims have gone back to the Hindu quarters where they used to live formerly—they were living in peace—and the Hindus go back to the Muslim quarters from where they have been chased away and there also live in peace. But of that there is no proof just now.'

*Narrator* : As the human problems of the vivisection of Bengal asserted themselves, communal tension in Calcutta—on the Indian side of the new line—again took a dangerous turn. On the night of August 31st, there was a demonstration against Gandhi's peace mission. A crowd broke in. A brick was thrown and Gandhi narrowly missed a blow from a stick as he stood with folded hands. Suhrawardy was not there at that time. Nor was Bose.

*Nirmal Bose* : When I came back I saw the devastation which was all around us—all the glass panes broken, all the furniture broken to bits ; and as soon as I went to Gandhiji he laughed aloud and said: 'Your people, the Bengalis, are an extremely gentle people.' And I said: 'Bapu, what are you saying?' And he said: 'They could have as well killed me, but they're so decent that they broke all the furniture, they broke all the glass panes, but they didn't know that none of this belongs to me. It belongs to somebody else.' That was how he took it.

*Narrator* : But Gandhi saw behind the incident, and what he saw he did take seriously. Next day he announced that he had given up his resolve of returning to Noakhali and would start a fast in Calcutta—to end only, as he said, 'when the conflagration ends.'

*Nirmal Bose* : He said: 'I am going on this fast in order to bring Calcutta to its senses. I know that my duty lies in going to every citizen of Calcutta and pleading with him that now we must forget our past differences. As I can't go from

door to door, therefore I am going to fast, and I know that I will succeed in touching the heart of Calcutta.'

*Narrator :* Leaders and ministers implored him not to weaken or endanger his life, but he had a statement ready for them, setting out not only his reasons but the details of his intention. He would take water during his fast, some soda with it, and also sour lime. The new Governor of West Bengal, Rajagopalachari, thought he could find an argument here to dissuade him.

*Nirmal Bose :* Now when he came to that sentence that he was going to take sour lime along with other things, Rajaji immediately almost pounced upon him and said: 'Why this sour lime there?' And he immediately turned towards me and said: 'When you went through the statement you didn't notice it. But Rajaji who has known me for long years immediately landed upon my weakness. He was quite right, because I had a lingering hope within me that I would survive this fast, therefore I put in sour lime. And he put his finger upon that weakness.' And immediately what I saw was that he took a pencil and scored through that. Now this was the man whom we saw, not merely great, but immensely great.

*Narrator :* Great enough still, despite opposition, despite the frenzy of those weeks after independence, to work another miracle. Within four days the chief citizens of Calcutta had brought to his bedside the necessary assurances. It was Suhrawardy who finally spoke for the Muslim minority.

*H. S. Suhrawardy :* I, who was also very anxious that Gandhiji should break his fast, told him that I was satisfied, and Gandhiji was good enough to break his fast and to take a cup from my hands.

*Narrator :* And so peace, or something like it, came to Calcutta. But from the north, from the divided Punjab, came the worst news of all, put in its simplest terms by Dr. Zakir Husain, not a Pakistani but an Indian Muslim.

*Zakir Husain :* Things happened in India and Pakistan of which, both India and Pakistan will always have to be ashamed. There were killings and burnings of human habitations and cruelty of an indescribable nature.

*Narrator :* The authorities had expected outbreaks, both

in the Punjab and Bengal. In the Punjab fifty-five thousand officers and men from picked units had been stationed to try to maintain peace. In Calcutta there was Gandhi, whom Lord Mountbatten called his one-man boundary force.

*Lord Mountbatten* : When the trouble started the fifty-five-thousand-man boundary force in the Punjab was swamped by riots, but my one-man boundary force brought peace to Bengal.

*Narrator* : From the Punjab and from Delhi many had written begging Gandhi to come. Among them was Rajkumari Amrit Kaur.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur* : I said you know we are living in the most terrible times and the most awful happenings. I just don't understand how people can sink so low, and please come. And he wrote, he sent a special messenger and he said: 'Never lose faith in humanity. A few dirty drops can't soil the ocean which humanity is.'

*Narrator* : And now, on September 8th 1947, the last chapter begins. The last journey to Delhi, the train pounding north-west through a whole night and then through a whole day, with noisy crowds at every stopping-place, and on the old man's mind a weight of woes, and in his heart, as he so often said, a raging fire.

*Rajkumari Amrit Kaur* : Yes, he did, he did speak of a fire burning within him, and he was unhappy, there was no doubt about it, and yet he was never without hope, never.

*Narrator* : Delhi itself was ringed by violence. There was murder in the old walled city. Refugees fled and refugees poured in. The building in the sweepers' colony where Gandhi usually made his headquarters was full of refugees, and he was taken instead to a small room in Birla House, the pleasant New Delhi residence of his friend G. D. Birla. Further out, in the village of Okhla, Dr. Zakir Husain's celebrated educational establishment, the Jamia Milia, was in danger because of its Muslim associations.

*Zakir Husain* : And the first thing Gandhiji did, I am told, was to ask how the Jamia was, if anything had happened to the Jamia. He came to the Jamia. He stayed with us for several hours, spoke to practically everybody. We had over three hundred refugees from the other surrounding

villages. He went and he spoke to them, put heart into them, and said as long as he was alive he would see that nothing happened to the Jamia and nothing happened to anybody and he would try and reinstate everyone.

*Narrator :* In the great open space inside the Purana Qila, the ancient fort that you can see as you look down the central vista in New Delhi, a camp had been made for homeless Muslims. Diwan Chaman Lal was in Gandhi's party when he went there on the fourth day after his arrival.

*Chaman Lal :* Hundreds were there, but in an angry defiant mood. He said to them: 'I have come to tell you that for me a Christian, a Hindu and a Muslim are all brothers, sons of the same God.' A great shout of defiance went up from the listening crowd. 'This is all lies,' they shouted. But Gandhiji went on as if nothing had happened until he said: 'I want to tell you that either I will bring peace to Delhi or else I will perish in the process' . . . The defiant crowd now rushed up to him with shouts of 'Long live Gandhi!'—kissing his hands and touching his feet. Defiance and anger had vanished, conquered by love—their love for him, their understanding of what he stood for.

*Narrator :* But did they understand? This emotional instability was the weakness against which Gandhi pitted his own strength, and the strength of those who were willing to work with him. He heard that Nehru's daughter, Indira, had gone alone among a murderous crowd at one of the Delhi railway stations and saved a man's life.

*Indira Gandhi :* And he asked me to go into the Muslim areas, which earned me great unpopularity with the entire Hindu population, as well as, strangely enough, the Muslim population, and the minute we entered there we would be abused and brickbats thrown on us and all kinds of nasty words used and so on.

*Narrator :* Gandhi didn't think she could do it. He was trying her out—still testing his human material: particularly because she was a woman and he believed in the feminine capacity for non-violence; and again because she was delicately nurtured, and this was human evil and degradation in the raw.

*Indira Gandhi :* Well, I don't know if he did it with

everybody, but with me he was—he just didn't know whether I could take it, as the Americans would say, because it was—it wasn't ordinary work, sort of doing something—it meant the first days we went there the whole locality was full of water, and we would step on live wires and hop in the air, and secondly nobody was willing to co-operate. And the whole time, you know, being abused—not only that but my father getting a lot of anonymous letters—what does your daughter think she's doing, do you think we can't kill her—all our daughters have been raped there and we can do the same.

*Narrator* : What Indira's father, Jawaharlal Nehru, valued most, perhaps, in those months of tension and crisis was the courage that Gandhi brought.

*Jawaharlal Nehru* : Fearlessness—yes, I would say fearlessness was his greatest gift, and the fact that this weak little bundle of bones was so fearless in every way—physically, mentally—it was a tremendous thing which went to the other people too, and made them less afraid. He came here when these disturbances were at full flood, his coming was a tremendous help to us, of course, and no doubt he soothed people and brought about, well, many changes here in the whole atmosphere.

*Narrator* : Again and again Nehru, Prime Minister of the new India, had long interviews with Gandhi. So did Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the strong-minded Home Minister. For himself, Gandhi was always ready to give his advice to his old comrades if they asked for it, but he didn't associate himself with government and its machinery, its police and armed forces. Rajagopalachari, watching from pacified Bengal, wondered what new miracle could be worked in Delhi.

*C. Rajagopalachari* : I know, I was in Calcutta at the time. He had a great many travails to go through in Delhi, with his own colleagues and with others. But he was, on the whole, a source of light for the government.

*Narrator* : And even, sometimes, of relaxation and laughter. Horace Alexander, who was quite often in Gandhi's room when ministers came to see him, was particularly struck by this.

*Horace Alexander* : They would sit down to get his wisdom on it all and within two or three minutes they'd be laughing together. Gandhi seemed always even in those darkest times, to have that extraordinary capacity to see some sort of light aspect of a thing and to be able to show his colleagues that it wasn't all black.

*Narrator* : He was concentrating on three main issues: to bring peace and unity among the different communities ; to care for the refugees, get them back into their own homes and dissuade others from leaving ; and thirdly to get controls removed—food-control, price-control, things which to him weakened the freedom of individual effort and responsibility. His platform was the daily prayer-meeting—usually at Birla House in the garden, sometimes at some refugee-camp or public institution affected by the strife. From these meetings his words flowed in a steady stream, printed and reproduced by radio. A Hindu shopkeeper, lucky to be alive with his family after losing his home and property in Lahore, recalls the comfort of these meetings.

*Devadas Kapur* : Well, I think every time he prayed in the evening there were so many hundreds and hundreds of people sitting all around that place and hearing what he was saying. When he came and preached we all felt that he's going to save those people who were in trouble. He came here after two or three days' trouble and he said: 'If Pakistan is doing wrong and you will do the wrong, will two wrongs make one right? Stop all this nonsense. All the Mohammedans are Indians, your brothers, and they have lived here for all these years, so they must not be put in trouble and no firing and no killing, nothing should be done.' It was stopped. All this was stopped after about two days' preaching.

*Narrator* : In memory it seems like that. But there were five months of effort, with every day the pain of listening to tales of atrocity from those who came to cast their sufferings at his feet. As his fight for decency and justice for the Muslim minority proceeded, suspicion and hostility grew among extremists of the Hindu and Sikh communities. Even to a foreigner like Horace Alexander this rising hostility was openly expressed.

*Horace Alexander* : Oh, he knew very well all through that autumn that many Hindus were very angry with him. I remember meeting Hindus in Delhi who said: 'Why didn't the old man die on the day of independence? He won us our independence and now he's just making a mess of it all.'

*Narrator* : Near the end of the year Ian Stephens, who had had that cheerful interview with Gandhi in Calcutta two years before, came to see him again in New Delhi. And he found him changed.

*Ian Stephens* : Yes, my last interview with Gandhi was very different. On the previous occasion, when that warm young hand had shot forth from the cocoon of the shawl at the conclusion of the interview he had told me, that was down at Sodepur, of his intention, God willing, of living to 125. And here now in Birla House, New Delhi, in the autumn of '47, I touched upon this question of living to 125, and the touch dropped stone dead. He was not interested. I left that interview with the impression—and it's not a trick of memory, I recorded it at the time—that to the Mahatma, to the apostle of non-violence, what had been happening in Delhi and the Punjab, on both sides of the new frontier, after a partition which in any case was heart-rending to him, had been in effect a mortal moral blow.

*Narrator* : By then, in fact, the worst of the barbarity was at an end. It was generally agreed that it was Gandhi's presence in Delhi, and his steadfast example, that had reduced the wave of killing and looting to sporadic outbursts. But the spirit that Gandhi wanted was still not there. Minorities did not yet feel safe. Muslims were being evicted, and even eminent Muslims, personal friends of Gandhi, confessed to him that they were not at ease in India. 'I feel helpless,' he said. And then he added: 'I have never put up with helplessness in all my life.' Suddenly there came once more the decision to go on a fast. And this time he did not want his doctors with him—not even Dr. B. C. Roy..

*B. C. Roy* : Generally speaking I would be sent for the very day that he started the fast, and the reason of the fast he always used to make it clear by a statement which he used to issue for the people to know why he was fasting. His

view was that ordinarily fasting improves the health of a person, both the bodily and mental health, but he said that on various occasions even a prolonged fast would give him opportunity of concentrating on the issue that is in his mind.

*Narrator :* His own impotence as he saw it, was in his mind. The fast, he announced, was for self-purification. He would break it only when Delhi became peaceful in the real sense of the term, and if this were not to happen he would be better dead. For beyond Delhi he saw India, and beyond India he saw, he said, 'the hope of the aching, storm-tossed and hungry world.' And the news of the fast, which began after the morning meal on January 13th 1948 was flashed at once to the four corners of the world. It was the eighteenth great fast of Gandhi's life, and the last. Lord Mountbatten had tried in vain to turn him from his resolve.

*Lord Mountbatten :* I realised this time it might prove fatal and I tried to dissuade him, but he spoke with such genuine distress of his profound unhappiness at the continuing bad communal atmosphere in Delhi that when I thought it impossible to change his mind I felt I must support him.

*Narrator :* But he did, under pressure, change his mind about his doctors. Dr. Roy came to him, and Dr. Sushila Nayar, and Dr. Gilder, the heart specialist from Bombay, remembering the first time Gandhi had been his patient, during the so-called Epic Fast at Poona in 1932.

*M. D. Gilder :* I was asked to see him then; naturally I went there and examined him, examining him I said: 'Gandhiji, your stomach has got a bit hollow.' He turned round and tells me: 'Gilder, it's going to get hollower still.'

*Narrator :* Anxiety was acute. As Brijkrishna Chandiwala said—one of those who were very close to Gandhi in his last months—Delhi was not Calcutta where a miracle had happened. At night—it was the second night of the fast—while Gandhi lay in Birla House, slogans were heard outside, and among the shouts was: 'Let Gandhi die!' Nehru, approaching in his car, leaped from it and confronted the agitators. They fled. That was the poison in the air, though the telegrams and messages poured in from India, from Pakistan, from many countries beyond, breathing affection

and concern. This time Gandhi was not going to be content with general assurances. He wanted positive tokens of a change. And he got them. It was at his insistence that the Government of India paid over Pakistan's share in the assets of the divided State—approximately forty million pounds—which had been delayed because of conflict. In Delhi he wanted specific pledges on the safety of life and property, freedom of movement and celebration for minorities, the re-opening of mosques, and so on. Secretary Pyarelal went back and forth between his bedside and the peace committee that was discussing these things.

*Pyarelal Nayar* : That fast simply ended when the people gave the guarantee which he had asked for. There were seven conditions which he said must be fulfilled before he would give up his fast. And those seven conditions were indicative of the change of heart of the people. As soon as those conditions were signed and the news was brought to him he broke his fast, not a minute before, as has been set down by some other writers.

*Narrator* : It was on the sixth day of the fast that Gandhi accepted what he called the pledge of friendship. 'To break that friendship,' he said to several thousand people after prayers that evening, 'would be to break the nation.' Two days later, again at evening prayer, a bomb was thrown. It exploded harmlessly ; but what sort of security could there be? Gandhi didn't want protection. Even his host G. D. Birla thought it was unseemly to have armed police at the prayers.

*G. D. Birla* : In fact my house was full of armed and unarmed police, and somehow or other I did not anticipate such a danger so I was rather irritated about it. And one day I told Gandhiji, I said: 'This is wrong that you should be protected by armed police.' And he said: 'Well, I share your views, but why do you tell me? Why don't you tell our government, that is Sardar Patel, who is in charge of the Home Department?' And I told Sardar . . . And Sardar of course reprimanded me—this is not your department, we can't take such a risk. 'In fact,' he said, 'we want to take stronger measures, that is everybody entering Birla House must be searched.' But because Gandhiji had stopped this

he had made a compromise ; and ultimately, of course, the man who assassinated was never searched.

*Narrator :* Only a few days were left to him, and it is difficult to be certain of his mood after he had broken the fast. There were still incidents and interviews that saddened him, but it seems that he did have some of the feeling of accomplishment that friends like Rajagopalachari said he ought to have.

*C. Rajagopalachari :* I wrote to him a few days before his death that in this period of his life he was doing probably his greatest work during his whole life. That is what I wrote to him and he agreed. He was so pleased with it all.

*Narrator :* He was certainly pleased to be able to go to Mehrauli, near Delhi, on January 28th and attend a Muslim festival, which was one of those that he had specially asked should be held in peace. Padmaja Naidu was with him.

*Padmaja Naidu :* I think the most wonderful thing was his visit to Mehrauli, because it gave him a peace of mind that he had not had for months and months. And he had the feeling that the Muslims that day felt secure, which is all he wanted. He wanted them to feel that this was their country and that they could live in security and that the past was the past. But this was the test—it was a wonderful day for him.

*Narrator :* Mira Behn has her own characteristic view of this final phase.

*Mira Behn :* Of course, yes, Bapu was struggling to the end, because Bapu put such a goal before him that he could never be satisfied. And Bapu said in the later days—two or three times I heard Bapu say to people when they were talking to him: 'I have only been able to just begin this experiment with non-violence. I'm trying to put people on the road. But it will need many Gandhis to bring it to perfection.' Well, now, you can take that any way you like, but many Gandhis really means that Bapu has to come again.

*Narrator :* At all events, Gandhi had plans of future work. He was intending, as soon as he was really satisfied with the state of things in Delhi, to go off to the ashram at Wardha in Central India and re-arrange his village work.

He had the idea also of going to Pakistan. J. P. Patel had been making some enquiries for him.

*J. P. Patel :* Yes, he wanted to help Pakistan with their refugee problem. He was quite willing to send some of the social workers that were working in India to help Pakistan. And if he had lived longer, I do believe that he would have visited Pakistan. I was in Pakistan before Gandhiji died, and as far as I could make out, from my contact with the people of Pakistan, they were perfectly happy to have him and also they showed great respect, if not affection for his own person.

*Narrator :* And now it is the last evening of Gandhi's life, Thursday, the 29th of January, 1948. Indira Gandhi went to see him with some friends and took her little boy.

*Indira Gandhi :* I found him very cheerful, and he welcomed us, saying: 'I'm so glad you people have come to take my mind off things, because I have been surrounded by dull people,' and we talked about all kinds of things, and he played with my little boy. In fact we had taken him some flowers which were meant for the hair and they had been made up into a circlet and my little son—of course he said to him: 'Now where do you think I can put this? Can I put it on my head?' So my son said: 'Well you can't, you have no hair.' So then they decided the best place was on his ankle and so he played with his feet and his ankles and he was in a very jolly mood. I must say I didn't get the feeling that he had this premonition or anything like that.

*Narrator :* Later Gandhi's son Devadas dropped in at Birla House.

*Devadas Gandhi :* I found him just getting ready to go to bed, and I found another unusual factor, and that was that I found him alone, because he would be normally surrounded with visitors, and attendants, all parts of the day and night. One of the questions he put to me was why didn't my child, Gopal, turn up at the prayer meeting that evening, because he and his mother, they were very regular in attending the prayer meetings and Gopal of course would like to sit in my father's lap or very near him and recite the prayers with him. So I don't remember what explanation I rendered because I didn't even know that the boy hadn't been there.

He was very, very pleasant about it, and reminded me of my childhood days in South Africa, when I was fondled and cared for by him.

*Narrator :* One more dawn, cold and clear in the Delhi winter, with the dew crisping the lawns of Birla House, and Gandhi methodical with the custom of many years.

*B. Chandiwala :* Well that day, it was 30th January, and Friday and he began usually as he used to get up at three o'clock, he began his day, had his prayers, then the whole day he was very busy.

*Narrator :* Brijkrishna Chandiwala had slept, as usual, at Gandhi's left side. At eight o'clock he massaged him, while Gandhi read the morning papers.

*B. Chandiwala :* He was intending to go to Wardha, there was going to be a conference.

*Narrator :* But first the *maulvis*—the Muslim priests—of Delhi had to be consulted. Only if they felt secure enough to release him would Gandhi leave Delhi.

*B. Chandiwala :* The *maulvis* said that it will be a test that if you go out, we will see whether in your absence, whether we have peace or not, so it is good if you go out. So he was allowed to go. Then he had interviews up to four o'clock, at four o'clock he got up and he asked me to see Sardar Patel and make arrangements for a train. At about half past four Sardar Patel came himself and wanted to see him. At that time he was having his meals, so Sardar saw him, and they had some very private talks. Five o'clock was the time for prayers, but the talks did not finish, so we were all very anxious. He came out and as he was very particular about having his prayers at the exact time, he began to rush to the prayer ground.

*Narrator :* Prayers were held on one of the lawns, where there was a small pavilion. The crowd had gathered, waiting for him. Among them was Robert Stimson, the B.B.C. correspondent, who broadcast the same evening.

*Robert Stimson (disc) :* At three minutes past five, Indian time, Mr. Gandhi came out of Birla House and because he was a little late for evening prayers, he stepped more briskly than at any time since his fast. He was wearing his usual white loin-cloth and a pair of sandals. He had thrown a

shawl round his chest for it was getting chilly. His arms were resting lightly on the shoulders of two companions and he was smiling. There were only two or three hundred people in the garden and they pressed eagerly towards him as he climbed the steps leading to the small raised lawn where the congregation had gathered. As he got to the top of the steps and approached the crowd he took his arms from the shoulders of his friends and raised his hands in salutation. He was still smiling. A thick set man in his thirties I should say, and dressed in khaki was in the forefront of the crowd. He moved a step towards Mr. Gandhi, took out a revolver and fired several shots.

*B. Chandiwala* : At that time, I was just behind him, and all who were there were offering their *namaste*, *Jai Hind*, and saying *pranams* to him . . . then it was I saw that he had stopped, I couldn't think what had happened, so I heard then three shots. I couldn't understand what had happened, because I had no thought that somebody would fire at him. So I moved and came in front of him and I saw that blood was oozing out. Then I understood what had happened. For a few seconds he was standing, and at once he fell down and he was dead.



## CONTRIBUTORS

### ALEXANDER, Horace

English Quaker (Society of Friends), who spent much time with Gandhiji. Born in 1889, educated at Bootham School, York and King's College, Cambridge, he taught from 1919 at Woodbrooke, Quaker college at Birmingham. First met Gandhiji at Sabarmati Ashram, Ahmedabad, in March 1929 while on a visit to India and other Eastern countries. Was often with him in 1931 on the visit to England, visited him in internment in the Aga Khan's Palace in 1942-3, when stationed with the Friends Ambulance Unit in Calcutta, and saw much of him in New Delhi in 1947-8. Among his writings on India and Gandhiji are *The Indian Ferment* (1929) and *India Since Cripps* (1944).

### AMBEDKAR, the late Dr. Bhimrao Ramji

Scheduled Caste leader who clashed with Gandhiji in the Round-Table Conference over representation but agreed to the Yervada Pact which terminated Gandhiji's fast for the Untouchables question in 1932. Born in 1893, an Untouchable, was educated with the help of the Gaekwar of Baroda in Bombay, London, Columbia (U.S.A.) and Germany, and called to the Bar in 1923. He played a prominent part in the Constituent Assembly, was a member of the provisional parliament, and Union Law Minister, 1947-51. He published many books on economics, politics and sociology, and died a Buddhist in 1956.

### ASHRAF, Dr. K. M.

In 1920 during the non-co-operation movement gave up his studies at the M.A.O. College, Aligarh and joined the Jamia Millia Islamia (the non-co-operating parallel college) and became its first graduate. Had talks with Gandhiji in London at the time of the Round-Table Conference. Was associated with the founding of the London Congress Committee. In 1936 became a full-time worker for the Congress Party. Was imprisoned by the British in 1942. After Partition, when on his way to England, was imprisoned for a time in Pakistan. Is now a Senior Lecturer in Delhi University.

**BAKSHI, Prem**

Of Kashmiri stock, born in Murree, 1911, and brought up in N.W.F.P. Educated first in Lahore, then at Cambridge and London Universities, and on his student-voyage to England in 1931 found himself a fellow-passenger of Gandhiji on the *Rajputana* for 14 days, a contact which he renewed in London. Afterwards travelled and studied in Europe for 7 years. During World War II joined BBC External Services, and now does free-lance radio and television work in London, his family having been uprooted and divided by Partition.

**BARTON, Ida**

Wife of a labourer in the East End of London. Her husband was one of the original members of Kingsley Hall, Bow, where Gandhiji chose to stay in 1931 (see LESTER, Muriel), and she herself has been a staunch worker for the settlement. She washed clothes for Gandhiji and his companions at her house opposite Kingsley Hall.

**BIRLA, Ghanshyam Das**

Born at Pilani, Rajasthan, set up in independent business at the age of 16, in 1910. He was one of the first to enter industry in India and is now one of its foremost figures and a well-known philanthropist. His intimacy with Gandhiji, who came to treat him as a son, lasted from 1916 until the Mahatma's life was ended in Shri Birla's New Delhi house on January 30, 1948. Though not always in agreement, Shri Birla was a generous supporter of many of Gandhiji's activities, notably on behalf of the Harijans.

**BOLTON, J. R. Glorney**

English journalist and author, who as staff-writer on the *Times of India* visited Gandhiji at Sabarmati Ashram, Ahmedabad, shortly before the Salt March of 1930 and was deeply impressed with him. Active in Young Europeans Group in Bombay which welcomed Lord Irwin's conciliatory policy in 1931 and entertained both Gandhiji and Jawaharlal Nehru at discussion meetings. Returning to London, saw Gandhiji again during R.T.C. session and took him to Oxford House, East End settlement, for meeting and prayers. Later with *Yorkshire Post* and free-lance writer, author of several biographies including *The Tragedy of Gandhi* (1934). Now living in Rome.

## BOSE, Nirmal Kumar

Professor of Geography and Anthropology, Calcutta University, and a scientist in his primary interests. First met Gandhiji in 1934 at Wardha and thereafter devoted himself to the critical study and propagation of his ideas. Author of *Studies in Gandhism*, *Selections from Gandhi and My Days With Gandhi*, the last treating with sincerity and penetration of the final phase during which Prof. Bose served as his secretary on the Noakhali pilgrimage and in Calcutta.

## BRAILSFORD, Henry Noel

Veteran British left-wing journalist, born in Yorkshire in 1873 and educated at Glasgow University, where he taught before becoming leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian* and subsequently on several other papers. A volunteer in the Greek Foreign Legion in 1897 and Relief Agent in Macedonia in 1903. He saw much of Gandhiji during the London visit in 1931 and wrote in explanation and support of his case. His books include *Rebel India* (1931), *Subject India* (1943) and a contribution to *Mahatma Gandhi* (1949).

## BROOMFIELD, the late Sir Robert S.

A barrister and the son of a barrister, he joined the Indian Civil Service and was posted to the Bombay Presidency in 1905. Became Judge in the High Court of Bombay in 1929, and retired with a knighthood in 1942. He died in 1957 at Bournemouth. As Sessions Judge it fell to him to conduct the trial of Gandhiji and Shankarlal Banker in the Government Circuit House at Ahmedabad on March 18th, 1922. The sentence of six years' imprisonment (ended after 22 months) was, said Gandhiji 'as mild as any judge could inflict on me, and so far as the entire proceedings are concerned, I must say that I could not have expected greater courtesy.'

## CHANDIWALA, Brijkrishna

From student-days at St. Stephen's College, Delhi, when he first saw Gandhiji with Rev. C. F. Andrews in 1918, Shri Chandiwala was fired by his words and example. From 1924, year of the 21-day fast in Delhi, he was drawn closer into his activities, and from then on became (in the words of Dr. Rajendra Prasad) one of the 'few who imbibed and tried to live in their own lives what he taught and stood for.' He has given in his book *At the Feet of Babu* an

intimate picture of Gandhiji, notably of the last months and hours of his life when he was by his side.

#### DA COSTA, Eric P. W.

Economic expert now editing *Eastern Economist* (Delhi) and managing director of Indian Institute of Public Opinion and Marketing Research Corporation of India. Born 1909, educated Madras and Oxford (M.A. and George Webb Medley Scholar in Economics). Private Secretary to Sir Mirza Ismail, Dewan of Mysore (*q.v.*), 1939-42, and Development Secretary, Jaipur State, 1942-4. Before taking up his present work was General Manager of the Textile Machinery Corporation of India, 1944-8.

#### DATTA, Dr. Dhigendra Mohan

Distinguished writer on philosophy, whose works include the well-known *Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi* and *Six Ways of Knowing*. Born in 1898 and educated at Calcutta University. In 1921-4 worked in the villages of Mymensingh (his birthplace) in response to Mahatma Gandhi's call for the revival of hand-spinning and weaving and the education of the backward classes. Trained in khadi organisation at the Sabarmati ashram. Was Professor of Philosophy at Patna University from 1928 until retirement in 1953. In 1951-2 was visiting Professor of Indian Philosophy at the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota, U.S.A. Now lives at Santiniketan, W. Bengal.

#### DATTA, Sudhindranath

A well-known writer of India, was born in 1901 of one of the oldest and best known families in Calcutta. Educated at the Universities of Banaras and Calcutta. Was Editor of *Parichaya*, a leading periodical, from 1932-42, Assistant Editor of *The Statesman* 1945-9, and Chief Information Officer of Damodar Valley Corporation from 1949-54. Is at present Director, Indian Institute of Public Opinion. Is also a distinguished lecturer and broadcaster and is one of Bengal's leading poets.

#### DOCKER, Albert

London bus-driver, and public-spirited citizen who is in local government on the Poplar Borough Council. Member of Kingsley Hall in London's East End where Gandhiji stayed in 1931 (see LESTER, Muriel), and active in its club and social work.

## ELWIN, Dr. Verrier

Author, and authority on tribal life in India. Born in 1902, son of a Bishop of Sierra Leone, took 1st Class Honours in English Literature and Theology at Oxford. Went to India as missionary (member of Christa Seva Sangh) in 1927, but retired into lay life and lived among tribesmen in Central Provinces, Bastar and Orissa from 1932-46 and again from 1949-53. Profoundly affected by contact with Gandhiji, who when arrested in January 1932 gave him message of friendship for English people and also sent him on mission to N.W. Frontier. Founded with Shamrao Hivale settlement for tribal welfare and research. Helped by Tatas and by Jehangir Patel (*q.v.*). Besides stories (*Phulmat of the Hills*, etc.), has published important studies of Maria, Baiga, Agaria and other peoples, also *Dawn of Indian Freedom* (with J. D. Winslow, 1931) and *The Truth About India* (1932). Twice married, in each case to a Gond wife. Family home now at Shillong, where he is Adviser on Tribal Affairs, N.E. Frontier Agency.

## FISCHER, Louis

American journalist and author, born in Philadelphia in 1896. As political correspondent in Europe, notably in Spain and Russia, between the World Wars, he made a close study of contemporary affairs and of the Soviet system, which disillusioned him. First came to India in 1942 to report the impact of war and the movement for independence, and his book *A Week With Gandhi* describes his stay in the Sevagram Ashram and his interviews with Gandhiji at a critical juncture. His widely known *Mahatma Gandhi* appeared in 1951, and *Gandhi and Stalin* in 1947.

## FRYDMAN, Maurice

Polish-born engineer who spent several periods in Gandhiji's ashram, helped to design cottage-industry appliances and was active in the constructive programme. While managing a Mysore State electrical factory before World War II he took *sanyas*, and for many years wore the saffron robe. From 1938 gave much service to progress in Aundh State (see PANT, Apa B.) whose free constitution he helped to frame. Translator from the French of René Fouère's study of Jiddu Krishnamurti, of whom he is a follower. See also his contribution *Man and Machine* to *Gandhiji* (75th Birthday Volume, 1944). Now lives in Bombay and serves Sarvodaya projects.

### GANDHI, the late Devadas

Fourth son of Mahatma Gandhi, born (and delivered by his father) at Durban, Natal, S. Africa, in 1900. Education in Phoenix settlement (from 1906) intermittent, for a time taught by Mrs. Polak (*q.v.*). Sent to India in 1914 in advance of his parents, with ashram boys transferred to Santiniketan, W. Bengal. Afterwards settled with father at Sabarmati Ashram, Ahmedabad. Worked in Champaran villages, Bihar, 1917, toured with Gandhiji, went to gaol in salt satyagraha, 1930, accompanied Gandhiji to London for Round-Table Conference and helped in negotiations for Yervada Pact, 1932. As newspaperman twice President of Indian and Eastern Newspapers Society, and thrice of All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference. Was Managing Director, *Hindusthan Times*, New Delhi. Died suddenly on August 3rd, 1957.

### GANDHI, Indira

Only child of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru (*q.v.*) and his wife Kamala, who died in 1936. Born 1917 at the Nehru family home, Anand Bhavan, Allahabad. Educated in England and at Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan. Familiar with Gandhiji from her childhood, and visited him in Yervada Gaol after the 'epic fast' of 1932. Several times imprisoned. Married Feroze Gandhi of Allahabad, 1942, and has two sons. Now acts as hostess for her father in New Delhi and has accompanied him on many of his foreign journeys.

### GANDHI, Sumitra

Daughter of Ramdas, Gandhiji's third son. Born in 1932, she spent part of her childhood with her grandfather, who called her 'my obstinate kitten' (she held out for an academic instead of a basic education). Visited Gandhiji in Aga Khan's Palace in 1943 from her parents' home in Nagpur during Kasturbai's last illness. Now lives in Bombay. Interested in social science and service, and attended Bhoodan Conference in Gaya District, Bihar, 1954 (see Hallam Tennyson's *Saint on the March*, 1955).

### GHOSH, Sudhir

Educated at the Universities of Calcutta and Cambridge, his association with Gandhiji began in 1936 and he played an important part during the last three years of Gandhiji's life. In 1945 he met Governor Casey in Calcutta. On Casey's

recommendation was brought into touch with British Parliamentary Mission at Madras in 1946 and also with British Cabinet Mission, whom he assisted to establish contact with Gandhiji. Accompanied Gandhiji to Simla and remained with him there. Corresponded with Sir Stafford Cripps and Lord Pethick-Lawrence (*q.v.*) and in August and September 1946 was in London with letter of introduction from Gandhiji to Prime Minister (now Earl) Attlee. In 1947 visited Gandhiji in Noakhali District, Bengal. Now works in Ministry of Iron and Steel, New Delhi.

### GILDER, Dr. Manchershah D.

Internationally known heart specialist of Bombay, who attended Gandhiji on many occasions from 1932, when he first examined him during the 'epic fast' on the Untouchables question. Born in 1882, educated in Bombay and London (M.D. and F.R.C.S.). Was with Gandhiji during the Aga Khan's Palace internment from 1942 and chose Zoroastrian verses introduced to daily prayers. Still practises in Bombay, where he held the portfolio of Public Health in the first ministry after independence.

### HALIFAX, Earl of, K.G., P.C., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

Viceroy of India (as Lord Irwin) from 1926-31. Educated Eton, Christchurch and All Souls, Oxford, where he was a Fellow and is now Chancellor of Oxford University (also of Sheffield). Tradition of interest in India from his grandfather, and devout Anglican Christianity from his father. Viceroyalty began unfortunately with boycotted Simon Commission. Escaped assassination from bomb under his train on day that Gandhiji asked him for assurances on proposed Round-Table Conference (December 23, 1929). Weathered great storm of civil disobedience and suppression of 1930, then released Gandhiji and Congress Working Committee unconditionally to pave way for talks which ended in the famous 'Irwin-Gandhi Pact' of March 5, 1931, last act of the Viceroyalty. As Earl of Halifax was British Foreign Secretary from 1938-40, and Ambassador to U.S.A. in the war years 1941-6.

### HAWORTH, Charles Haynes

Gandhiji's Lancashire host in 1931. Born in 1894 in the mill-town of Nelson, began half-time in weaving-shed at age of 12 and worked in British cotton-industry, mostly on administrative side, for 25 years before taking up social service as Welfare Secretary for a Darwen mill-company in

1931. After serving in World War I in Coldstream Guards, he had already been active in lay-work for his church (Wesleyan Methodist) and in 1926 had joined the Society of Friends (Quakers). His interest in social and political questions and in sufferings of Lancashire cotton-workers during Indian boycott movements brought him in touch with Rev. C. F. Andrews and thus prepared the way for Gandhiji's visit to Lancashire mills. Afterwards continued social work for Society of Friends, and since 1948 he and his wife have been Wardens of Quaker cottage home for old people at Polegate, Sussex.

### HUSAIN, Dr. Zakir

Distinguished educationalist and reformer, founder of the well-known Muslim national college of Jamia Millia at Okhla, near Delhi, and the practical organiser of Gandhiji's Wardha Scheme of Basic Education. Born in 1889, educated at Aligarh and Berlin Universities. Has been a member of the Indian Press Commission, and Vice-Chancellor of Aligarh University, and Chairman, Central Board of Secondary Education. Became Governor of Bihar in June 1957.

### HUTHEESINGH, Gunottam (Raja)

First saw Gandhiji when he was a schoolboy at Ahmedabad. Education completed at Oxford, Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris and London, where he again saw Gandhiji during the R.T.C. Returned to India in 1932 as a Barrister. Later joined Congress, was twice imprisoned, did secretarial work for Gandhiji and in 1939-42 was Joint Secretary of the National Planning Committee. Married to Krishna, younger sister of Jawaharlal Nehru. Lives in Bombay and is author of *Window on China*, describing two visits to China, the second as special correspondent of the Press Trust of India in 1952.

### ISMAIL, Aminul-Mulk Sir Mirza, K.C.I.E.

Of Persian descent, born in Bangalore in 1883, a school-fellow of the late Maharaja Krishna Wadia of Mysore, whose secretary, Dewan and lifelong friend he became. From 1942 to 1946 he was Prime Minister of Jaipur, and from August 1946 to May 1947 of Hyderabad. From 1927, when Gandhiji visited Bangalore, Sir Mirza was glad to be called his friend, believing that enlightened statesmanship could secure national freedom without the destruction of the princely order. A distinguished administrator, Sir Mirza was for a time U.N. representative in Indonesia.

### JAYAKAR, Dr. Mukund R.

Distinguished legal luminary who, with the late Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, was regarded as a leading political negotiator and peacemaker. Educated at Bombay University, and a barrister in the Bombay High Court, entered public life in 1916, was Opposition leader in the Bombay Legislative Council from 1923-5 and a member of the Council Legislative Assembly (Swaraj Party) from 1926-30. In 1919 worked with Gandhiji on Congress enquiry into repression in the Punjab and remained a friend of the Mahatma though often differing from him as to methods. One of the first to urge a Round-Table Conference, in which he was prominent in London in 1931-2, he was also active in paving the way for the Irwin-Gandhi talks. Federal Court Judge, 1937-9. Judicial Committee of Privy Council, 1939-41. Now retired at Poona, where he was Vice-Chancellor of the University.

### KALELKAR, Acharya Kakasaheb

Educationalist, journalist, and veteran Gandhian, born in 1885. First met Gandhiji at Santiniketan in 1915 on the return from S. Africa. A member of Sabarmati Ashram at Ahmedabad from the start, and active in establishing the Gujarati Vidyapith there. With Gandhiji on tours and village work throughout India, and in 1930 his only companion in Yervada gaol, Poona. Has headed many educational institutions, now Director of Gandhi Smarak Sangrahalaya, New Delhi, and serving on national commissions, e.g. for Backward Classes. Author of *Incidents in the Life of Bapu*, *Stray Glimpses of Bapu*, and many other books in Gujarati, Marathi, Hindi and English.

### KAPUR, Devadas

Businessman from Lahore, where his flourishing clothing-emporium had been established by his father in 1864. Worked there for nearly fifty years and paid four visits to Europe. Lost his property in the 1947 rioting and had to leave Lahore with his family on September 15th. Now has business in Connaught Circus, New Delhi (Roy Brothers). Attended Gandhiji's public meetings in early days in Lahore; and also his prayer-meetings in Delhi and New Delhi during critical months before the assassination.

### KAUR, Rajkumari Amrit

Was Minister for Health in the Union Government. A Christian, born in the Kapurthala Palace, Lucknow, in 1889, she was educated in England and served Gandhiji for 16

years as secretary, also on the Board of Trustees of the All-India Spinners' Association and of the Hindustani Talimi Sangh. A lifelong advocate of women's interests, she was Chairman and President of the All-India Women's Conference, on which she worked from its foundation in 1927. Also active in the International Red Cross, the Indian Red Cross and the St. John's Ambulance Brigade in India. President of the All-India Conference of Social Work in 1948-9 and a member of Indian delegations to WHO and UNESCO. A Trustee of the Gandhi Memorial Fund.

### KIRLOSKAR, Shankarrao V.

General Manager of Kirloskar Brothers, the pioneering manufacturing firm established by his father, Laxmanrao Kirloskar, in 1910 at the site in Satara District (Maharashtra) where the model township of Kirloskarvadi was built. The industry has been intimately connected with the countryside, and had contacts with Gandhiji over designs for cottage industry. As editor of the Marathi magazines *Stree* and *Manohar*, Shri Kirloskar incurred Gandhiji's criticism for advocating contraception.

### KRIPALANI, Acharya J. B.

Chairman, Praja Socialist Party and leader of the P.S.P. group in the Lok Sabha. Born in Hyderabad (Sindh), 1888, joined Gandhiji in Champaran campaign, 1917, and also in Kaira (Gujerat). Resigned professorial chair of politics in Banaras Hindu University in 1920 to start khadi and village work through the Gandhi Ashram, Banaras. Five times imprisoned. General Secretary, Indian National Congress, 1934-46 and President in October 1946, resigning November 1947. Member of Constituent Assembly and first (provisional) Parliament. Author of many publications on Gandhian theory and practice and the national revolution.

### LAL, Diwan Chaman

Born in 1892 in the Punjab, educated Oxford and Bar-at-Law, London. Known in English cultural circles as editor of quarterly *Coterie*. Asst. Editor of *Bombay Chronicle*, then turned to trade union organisation. Founder (in 1927 President) of A.I.T.U.C. M.L.A. (Central) 1924-31 and 1944-6, and M.L.A., Punjab, 1937. From 1938 was in All-India Congress Committee and saw Gandhiji frequently. Tried unsuccessfully in 1940 to arrange Gandhi-Jinnah meeting at Simla. Was in Foreign Affairs Committee meeting with Prime Minister Nehru when the news was

telephoned of Gandhiji's assassination. Member of Constituent Assembly, 1946-7. Elected to Council of States (from Punjab), 1952. Has led several delegations abroad, and from 1947-9 was India's Ambassador to Turkey.

### LESTER, Muriel

Gandhiji's hostess at Kingsley Hall, in London's East End, in 1931 ('there I shall be among the same sort of people as those to whom I have devoted my life'). Born in rural England in 1883, and brought up in comfort, she began in 1902 to make friends with East End factory-girls. Social work led to foundation in 1914 (with her sister Doris) of Kingsley Hall, Bow, as 'teetotal pub. and place of worship for all', which she has run ever since. First visited India in 1926, stayed with Gandhiji at Sabarmati Ashram and attended in 1927 Gauhati Session of Indian National Congress. A pacifist since reading Tolstoy in 1908, she was interned as war-resister in World War II both in Latin America and the U.K. A world-traveller and speaker, mainly on behalf of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Author of 7 books and numerous pamphlets, including *Entertaining Gandhi* (1931) and *Gandhi's Signature* (1949).

### MAVLANKAR, the late Ganesh Vasudev

Speaker of Lok Sabha until his death in 1956. Born in Baroda, 1888, practised as advocate from 1913 to 1937. Long prominent as a citizen of Ahmedabad, where he came to know Gandhiji from the early days of the Sabarmati Ashram, of which he was a Trustee. A member of Ahmedabad Municipality from 1919, with two terms as President, until his resignation in 1937. He was Secretary of the Gujarat Provincial Congress Committee, 1921-3, and underwent four periods of imprisonment or internment. In later years attended inter-parliamentary conferences abroad. Shri Mavlankar was Chairman of the Sabarmati Ashram Memorial Trust, of the Kasturba Gandhi National Memorial Trust, and of the Gandhi Memorial Fund.

### MIRA BEHN (Madeleine Slade)

Daughter of British Admiral Sir Edmund Slade, and Gandhiji's devoted disciple for more than 22 years. She was led to him through Beethoven's music and Romain Rolland's *Mahatma Gandhi*, and after a year's intensive self-preparation joined the Sabarmati Ashram in 1925 and was received by Gandhiji as a daughter. Sharing in his life and work, she was with him on the visit to England for the R.T.C. in 1931, and in the Aga Khan's Palace interview

of 1942-44. Founded her own ashram at Pashulok, near Rishikesh, where news reached her of Gandhiji's assassination. Intimate correspondence published as *Gandhi's Letters to a Disciple* (1951). Now runs experimental cattle-station for Kashmir Government.

**MOUNTBATTEN, Earl, of Burma, K.G., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.,  
G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.**

Born in 1900, son of Admiral of the Fleet the Marquess of Milford Haven and of Princess Victoria, who was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. After a brilliant naval career and the Supreme Allied Command, South-East Asia, in 1943-6, was appointed Viceroy of India by the British Government of Mr. (now Earl) Attlee in March 1947. He asked Gandhiji to come and see him as soon as he reached New Delhi, and they had many friendly interviews. Popularly applauded on Independence Day in August 1947, the last Viceroy served at the new India's request as Governor-General, relinquishing the post in June 1948. He was in New Delhi during Gandhiji's last fast, at his assassination and at his obsequies. The title of Earl Mountbatten's published speeches in India, *Time Only to Look Forward*, reflects the single-minded energy of his service. Since April 1955 he has been Britain's First Sea Lord.

**MURRAY, the late Dr. Gilbert, O.M., D.LITT., D.C.L.**

Scholar, Hellenist, translator of the Classics and advocate of international co-operation. Born on January 2nd, 1866 at Sydney, Australia, which he left at age of 11 and was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, London and Oxford (Fellow of New College, 1888). Professor of Greek, Glasgow University, 1889-9, and Oxford University, 1908-36. Trustee of British Museum, 1914-48. Chairman of League of Nations Union, 1923-38 and afterwards Co-President. In 1914 met Gandhiji in England when he came from South Africa and wrote appreciatively of him. With other Oxford men had long talks with Gandhiji on week-end visits during 1931 Round-Table Conference. Died at Oxford on May 20th, 1957.

**NAIDU, Padmaja**

Governor of West Bengal since November 1956. Born 1900 in Hyderabad, Deccan, daughter of Dr. M. G. Naidu and Shrimati Sarojini Naidu. Educated in Hyderabad and at Woodstock College, Mussoorie. Influenced very early in life by Gandhiji, and in 1921 was joint-founder of the Hyderabad Branch of the Indian National Congress which initiated

khadi production in the State. Organised various relief works in Hyderabad and founded Hyderabad Swadeshi League in 1930 to organise boycott of foreign goods. Arrested and interned, 1942. Has since been Member of Parliament (Lok Sabha) for Hyderabad (1950-1), Chairman, Hyderabad State Handicrafts Board, Member of the Senate, Csmania University, Member of the All-India Handicrafts Board and Member of the Governing Body, Bharat Sevak Samaj.

### NAYAR, Pyarelal

Gandhiji's disciple and secretary for more than 27 years, from October 1920 until the assassination, and his principal private secretary in succession to Mahadev Desai (died 1942). With Gandhiji on all important occasions, including visit to England for Round-Table Conference and the fast for the Untouchables question in 1932. Described this in *The Epic Fast* (1932) one of numerous writings (including contributions to *Harijan*) from English translation (with Mahadev Desai) of Gandhiji's *My Experiments with Truth* to massive continuation of the life-story in *Mahatma Gandhi : The Last Phase* (Vol. I, 1956) on which he is still working in New Delhi.

### NAYAR, Dr. Sushila

Born in Gujerat District (W. Punjab) just two weeks before Gandhiji's return to India early in 1915. Educated in Lahore (M.D.), Delhi and the U.S.A. Became resident medical attendant to Gandhiji and his ashram. Sharing his confinement in the Aga Khan's Palace, Poona, after August 1942, she attended him during his fast and illness, and Kasturbai in her last illness and at her death. Also did much rural medical work at Sevagram, and in 1946-7 in the Noakhali District where she was one of the companions whom Gandhiji sent out alone. After Independence served as Health Minister in the Delhi State.

### NEHRU, Jawaharlal

Prime Minister of India and Minister for Foreign Affairs since 1947, for Defence 1953-7. Born at Allahabad, in 1889, son of Pandit Motilal Nehru, educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and barrister of the Inner Temple, returning to India in 1912. First met Gandhiji late in 1916, was fired by his leadership of the Rowlatt Bills agitation in 1919, worked with him in the Punjab enquiry and Khilafat Committee, and with his father took part in 1920 Non-Co-operation. Though differing in temperament and sometimes in opinion, the bond with Gandhiji was deep

and abiding, and central to the independence movement. General Secretary of Congress Committee, 1929, President of Indian National Congress the same year in succession to his father, and again in 1936, '37, '46 and '51. President of All-India States Peoples Conference and of National Planning Committee, 1939. Vice-President of Council in Interim Government of (undivided) India, September 1946. Among his books are the *Autobiography* (1936), *Glimpses of World History* (1939), and *The Discovery of India* (1946), much of his writing having been done in nine periods of imprisonment.

### PANT, Apa B.

Son (but not heir) of the last Raja of Aundh, Apa Pant returned from Oxford and London (Bar-at-Law) in 1937 to work with his father on the experiment which gave this small state in the former Kolhapur Agency what was once described as 'the most progressive constitution in India.' This led to personal contacts with Gandhiji and practical study of his techniques in rural uplift, basic education etc. Shri Pant has been Indian Commissioner in E. Africa and is now the Political Officer in Sikkim.

### PATEL, Jehangir Pestomji

Prominent cotton magnate, Managing Director of Patel Cotton Co., and Director of many other concerns, with interests both in Bombay and Karachi. Born in 1905, educated at St. Xavier's, Bombay, and Downing College, Cambridge. Friend and admirer of Gandhiji, he was his guest at Sevagram, Wardha, and his host at Gandhigram, Juhu, Bombay, notably after Gandhiji's release in 1944. President of the Adivasi Seva Mandal.

### PETHICK-LAWRENCE, Lord, P.C.

Last Secretary of State for India (1945-7) and leader of the British Cabinet Mission of 1946 which had many contacts with Gandhiji. Born in 1871, educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, with particular distinction in mathematics and economics. President of the Cambridge Union, 1896, and called to the Bar, 1900. With his wife was active in the suffragette campaign and served prison-sentence 1912-13. Labour M.P. from 1923, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury, 1929-31. Paid several visits to India and had long-standing friendship with Gandhiji. Attended Round-Table Conference, 1931-32. A contributor to *Mahatma Gandhi* (1949).

**POLAK, Henry S.L.**

Gandhiji's English colleague and trusted friend in S. Africa, 1904-14, in struggle against indentured Indian labour immigration and in passive resistance, in last phase of which he was imprisoned with Gandhiji in 1913. Born at Dover in 1882, was articled as solicitor to Gandhiji in Johannesburg, 1905-8. His pacifism and 'simple life' practice appealed to Gandhiji, and loan of Ruskin's *Unto This Last* resulted in Gandhiji's establishment of Phoenix Settlement, of which Polak was original member. Edited *Indian Opinion* for many years. In 1917 campaigned through India with Gandhiji and C. F. Andrews for abolition of indentured labour emigration (terminated Jan. 1 1920). In 1919 founded Indian Overseas Association in London, where he still practises as solicitor and Privy Council agent. Author of first pamphlet on Gandhiji published in India, also of *The Indians of South Africa*, and part author of the English publication *Mahatma Gandhi* (1949).

**POLAK, Millie Graham**

Born in London. Joined her fiancé, Henry Polak (*q.v.*) in South Africa, end of 1905, and was married with Gandhiji as witness. Shared life and work of Phoenix Settlement. Returned to England for two years with her two children in 1909, when her husband went to India on mission for S. African Indians. In S. Africa again, tried to run home in Durban in unsettled conditions of struggle, near the end of which Gandhiji left her to decide whether Polaks should see political settlement through, freeing him to go to India, or themselves be free to go to England. Chose to stay there with family for three more years, and Gandhiji left for England and India. Author of *Mr. Gandhi : the Man* (1930).

**PRASAD, Dr. Rajendra**

First President of the Republic of India, elected May 1952 (after 2 years as interim President). Born in a village of Bihar (Dt. Saran) in 1884, he was a brilliant student of Calcutta University and joined the bar of the new High Court at Patna. Before the Champaran agitation of 1917 he had begun progressive social work by organising the Bihar Students' Conference, but it was Gandhiji's visit and conduct of the indigo campaign that changed his life. Dr. Prasad abandoned his profession to join the Congress movement in 1920, and has served the Party as General Secretary, twice as President and also in Bihar. Promoter of

constructive work and Harijan uplift, he also played a distinguished role in the political transfer of power and the Constituent Assembly, and today still lives in simplicity in Rashtrapati Bhavan. Among his writings are his *Autobiography* (in Hindi) and *India Divided* and *Struggle in Champaran* (in English).

### RAJAGOPALACHARI, Chakravarti

Elder statesman of Madras and first Indian Governor-General (1948-50). Born in 1879, joined the Bar in 1900 at Salem (Madras), and renounced practice in Rowlatt satyagraha of 1919. A great Congress leader and colleague of Gandhiji, he was President of the Tamilnad Congress Committee till 1935, and General Secretary of Congress in 1941 and 1946. He left Congress in 1942, over differences in attitude to war and encouraged Gandhi-Jinnah talks of September 1944, rejoining Congress next year. Member of the Interim Government, New Delhi, 1946-7, Governor of West Bengal, 1947-8, and Union Home Minister, 1950-1. Chief Minister, Madras, 1952-3. Retired in March 1954. He was the father-in-law of Gandhiji's youngest son Devadas (*q.v.*).

### RANGASWAMY, K.

As special correspondent of *The Hindu* of Madras was working in Wardha from the beginning of 1940 to the middle of 1946. During this period was covering Gandhi's activities in Sevagram, Poona, Panchgani and elsewhere. Witnessed the Salt March to Dandi and was for several years in almost daily contact with the Mahatma on his travels. Was with him in Calcutta from the time of the 'Great Killing' and travelled with him to Noakhali, Bihar and then to Delhi. Since March 1947 has been working in Delhi as Special Correspondent of *The Hindu*.

### RAY, Annada Sankar

A leading writer of Bengal and author of more than forty works of prose and verse. Is married to the writer and translator Lila Ray, and lives at Santiniketan, W. Bengal. Born in 1904 he entered the Indian Civil Service in 1929 and at his retirement in 1951 was Judicial Secretary to the Government of West Bengal. First came under Gandhiji's influence during the non-co-operation movement of 1921, and associated with him personally in 1946 and 1945. He is at present writing a book on Gandhiji.

## REYNOLDS, Reginald

English writer, born at Glastonbury in 1905 and educated at Quaker school and college (Society of Friends). In India in 1930 stayed at Sabarmati Ashram and carried Gandhiji's message to Viceroy (Lord Irwin) before Salt March. Took leave of Gandhiji at Dandi the night before his arrest. Married to English writer Ethel Mannin. Among his books are *White Sahibs of India* and autobiography *My Life and Crimes* (1956). Has recently lectured on Gandhiji in U.S.A.

## ROLLASON, Martha

Member of the Kingsley Hall community where Gandhiji stayed in London in 1931 (see LESTER, Muriel). Wife of a Borough Council street-cleaner. While her children were small her whole family suffered much from the unemployment of pre-war years.

## ROY, Dr. Bidhan Chandra

Physician, surgeon, and Chief Minister of West Bengal. Born in Patna in 1882, took his M.D. in Calcutta and his M.R.C.P. and F.R.C.S. in England. In 1925 met Gandhiji in Calcutta in connection with the memorial to the late C. R. Das, and thereafter till ten days before the Mahatma's death was associated with him both as physician and at times as member of the Congress Working Committee and President of Bengal Provincial Congress Committee. Twice Mayor of Calcutta and elected 1923 to Bengal Legislative Council. Six months' imprisonment in 1931. Active in Calcutta University affairs and Vice-Chancellor 1942-4. Fellow of distinguished professional bodies in England and America and twice President of the Indian Medical Association.

## SARABHAI, Anasuyabehn

Social worker and pioneer of industrial relations in Ahmedabad. Organiser of local Millworkers' Union, which in 1918 was in conflict over wages with mill-owners who were led by Ambalal Sarabhai, Anasuyabehn's brother. Historic struggle ended in settlement after 21-days strike by workers and 3-days fast by Gandhiji (see Mahadev Desai's *Eka Dharmayuddha*). Took part with Gandhiji in Kheda satyagraha of same year, and in 1919 was one of original signatories of satyagraha pledge marking Gandhiji's active entry into nationalist politics.

• SHERIDAN, Clare Consuelo

English sculptress, traveller and writer, whose husband was killed in World War I. Best-known for her portrait-busts of famous people, among them Lenin, Trotsky, Kemal Attaturk, Winston Churchill, Mussolini and Senator Martínez, to which list she added Gandhiji during his stay in London in 1931. European correspondent of *New York Times*, 1922, Mrs. Sheridan has published several volumes of her travels and experiences in many countries. She made her home at Biskra, Algeria, but has now returned to England. Is a cousin of Sir Winston Churchill.

SHRIDHARANI, Krishnalal

Gujerati playwright and poet, who has also published in English *War Without Violence* (1939) and *My India, My America* (1941). Born (like Gandhiji) in Kathiawar in the Vaishya caste and the Vaishnava cult, and with Jain connections. Received a progressive nationalist education, culminating in Tagore's Visva-Bharati at Santiniketan and Gandhiji's Gujerati Vidyapith at Ahmedabad. From there after preparatory discipline at Sabarmati ashram, he joined the Salt March to Dandi in 1930, and later served a gaol sentence. Went to the United States in 1934 with a scholarship from the Maharaja of Bhavnagar. Since returning to India he lives at New Delhi.

STEPHENS, Ian, C.I.E.

Born in 1903, he was the first Principal Information Officer appointed by the former Government of India. From 1937 Mr. Stephens became a familiar figure in Calcutta, first as Assistant Editor of the *Statesman*, then Acting Editor, and from 1943 to 1952 as Editor, and active in the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference. He sought out Gandhiji at Wardha in 1942, interviewed him again at Sodepur in 1946, and saw him finally at Delhi. Some of his impressions are mentioned in his book *The Horned Moon*. Now lives at Cambridge as Fellow of his old college, King's.

SUHRAWARDY, Hussain Shaheed

Prime Minister of Pakistan, formerly Chief Minister of Bengal in undivided India in bitterly disturbed period of 1946-7 and participant in Gandhiji's 'miracle of Calcutta'. Born in 1892, educated Oxford University and called to the Bar in London. Became Secretary of Bengal Provincial Muslim League and held several portfolios before becoming Chief Minister. Had met Gandhiji occasionally from 1923.

From August 13th-31st, 1947, stayed with him in Muslim house in Calcutta's riot-area in interests of communal peace. Later in Delhi discussed a Charter of Minorities with Gandhiji and was asked by him to report on Punjab refugee-movements. After creation of Pakistan left Muslim League and founded Awami League in East Bengal, sharing United Front victory of March 1954. Went to Europe for health reasons, returned December 1954 to Pakistan Central Government, became Opposition leader August 1955 and succeeded Mohammad Ali as Prime Minister, September 1956.

#### TEMPLEWOOD, Viscount, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.B.E., C.M.G.

British Conservative statesman, and a sturdy opponent of capital punishment (he was Home Secretary 1937-9). As Sir Samuel Hoare became Secretary of State for India in the three-Party National Government which took office in 1931 just before the second session of the Round-Table Conference. On Gandhiji's arrival in London he endeavoured to reach a personal understanding with him, and earned his respect. His term at the India Office covered the piloting of the Government of India Act of 1935, after which he served as Foreign Secretary, resigning in 1936 over the Abyssinian crisis. British Ambassador to Spain, 1940-4. Author of *Nine Troubled Years* (1954).

#### TYABJI, Bibi Raihana

Member of the great Tyabji family of Bombay, distinguished in several generations, which at the same time had three members at the Round-Table Conference and five in Indian prisons. As daughter of Abbas Tyabji, Gandhiji's friend and lieutenant in early civil disobedience campaign in India, she was often a visitor at Sabarmati Ashram, and later was with Gandhiji at Wardha. It was she who chose Muslim texts included in Gandhiji's prayer-meetings. Author of *The Heart of a Gopi* (1936).

#### VARMA, Baburam

Ashramite of Sodepur, where Gandhiji stayed during his visits to Calcutta. Born 1910 at Etawah, U.P. Trained in tanning (Government Diploma) and entered service of a landowner who had established village tannery under Gandhiji's inspiration. Later sent to Satish Chandra Das Gupta for refresher course at Sodepur, where he has lived and worked ever since in furtherance of Gandhiji's constructive programme.

In the cutting required to bring the programmes within the limits of broadcasting time, the voices of several who had made recordings had to be omitted. Among these were the late Shri Manilal Gandhi (Gandhiji's son), Shri Rathindranath Tagore, eldest son of the Poet, the artist Shri Mukul Dey, Shri N. Dutt Mazumdar of the Forward Bloc, Calcutta, and Dr. and Miss Urmilla Parde who lie in England. In all cases their recordings are to be preserved with the others as future broadcasting material and for historical research.







## Talking of Gandhi

Radio-programmes are not often accorded the more durable form of print, but these four scripts on the subject of Gandhiji, which were an outstanding success of the BBC Third Programme recently, and have since been re-broadcast by AIR in recordings presented by the BBC, will be recognised as a worthy contribution to the great theme they attempt. They are composed entirely of extracts from recorded conversations with some sixty of those who knew Gandhiji in his work and life, from President and Viceroy to ashram-worker and London cockney, linked by Francis Watson's narration. Much of the material is in itself a contribution to history—for example the frank recollections of Lord Halifax who as the Viceroy Lord Irwin engaged in the talks leading to the famous Gandhi-Irwin Pact. But the special value lies in the immediacy and informality of every word collected from the contributors with a scrupulous avoidance of rhetoric and artifice. On the air, it came as near to a 'speaking likeness' as we can now, nearly ten years after Gandhiji's death, expect to get. In book-form it is a striking and impressive record. Though intended in the first place for listeners in the United Kingdom, it is sure to be welcomed by a wide public, not only for its presentation of the Mahatma in many aspects but as proof of the respect in which he is held all over the world.

Among the men and women whose recollections are woven together are the President, the Prime Minister, Lord Mountbatten, Lord Halifax, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Lord Templewood, Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, Dr. B. C. Roy, Mr. Rajagopalachari, Acharya Kripalani, Pyarelal Nayar, Mr. G. D. Birla, the late Professor Gilbert Murray, the late Mr. Maylankar, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Mira Ben, Mr. Horace Alexander, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Polak, Mr. Louis Fischer and many others. A particular interest attaches also to the prefatory notes in which Mr. Watson and Mr. Brown reveal something of the approach and execution of a task which was spread over more than four years and involved the use of more than fifteen miles of recording-tape.

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